

Love makes a Man:

O R,

The Fop's Fortune.

A

COMEDY.

Acted at the

Theatre Royal in Drury Lane,

B Y

His MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by C. Cibber.

Interdum tollit Comædia Vocem. Hor.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Richard Parker at the Unicorn in the Piazzas under the Royal Exchange, Hugh Newman at the Grasshopper in the Poultry, and E. Rumbal at the Post-house in Russel-street, Covent Garden. 1701.

The Persons.

<i>Antonio</i> and <i>Charino</i>	} Old Gentlemen. }	<i>Mr. Bullock.</i> <i>Mr. Cross.</i>
<i>Don Lewis</i> , Unkle, and near Friend to <i>Carlos</i> .		<i>Mr. Penkethman.</i>
<i>Carlos</i> , a Student, <i>Clodio</i> , a pert Coxcomb,	} Sons to <i>Antonio</i>	<i>Mr. Wilks.</i> <i>Mr. Cibber.</i>
<i>Sancho</i> , Servant to <i>Carlos</i> .		<i>Mr. Norris.</i>
<i>Monsieur</i> , Valet to <i>Clodio</i> .		
Governour of <i>Lisbon</i> .		<i>Mr. Simpson.</i>
<i>Don Duart</i> , his Nephew.		<i>Mr. Mills.</i>
<i>Don Manuel</i> a Sea-Officer in love with <i>Louisa</i> .		<i>Mr. Toms.</i>
<i>Angellina</i> , Daughter to <i>Charino</i> .		<i>Mrs. Temple.</i>
<i>Louisa</i> , a Lady of Quality and Pleasure.		<i>Mrs. Verbruggen.</i>
<i>Elvira</i> , Sister to <i>Don Duart</i> .		<i>Mrs. Knight.</i>
<i>Honorio</i> , Cousin to <i>Louisa</i> .		<i>Mrs. Moor.</i>

Priest, Officers, and Servants.

T O

Sir WILLIAM BROWNLOWE, Bar.

TIS not, Sir, my bare concern for this Play alone, that has encourag'd me to this Address : But likewise the Complaints, and Hardships of the Stage in general. Poetry, of which I may venture to say, the Dramatick is the most useful Part, never had more need of able Friends, than now : And while I take my shelter here with You, 'tis not so much in Terror of the Criticks (whom tho' I shou'd be glad this Play cou'd please, yet if it does not, I must still beg their Pardon, and leave to be satisfied with its success tho' unmerited.) I say not so much in fear of an ill-natur'd Pit, as the formidable Zeal of a Presenting *Middlesex* Jury : Men of Right Worshipful, and petitioning Principles, that wou'd Reform, and Level most things, but the Price of their own Commodities ; so down with the Play-Bills, among the rest our Fall's decreed : For, alas ! we are of no more use to Mens Manners, than a Steeple is to Religion, an Army to Peace, or to the Publick the Year's Perquisites of a Lord Mayors Office.

Avarice, *Hypocrisie*, and *Ignorance* have thrown off their short Cloaks, spit in their Paws, and are every one resolv'd to have a blow at the root of the Bay-Tree, and when it's down, like Brethren, they are to share it among'em : *Ignorance* is to carry home the Stem, and lay it on for a Billet, *Hypocrisie*, and *Avarice* to make a lawful Penny of the Branches, among the sinful, to adorn the prophane Windows of their *Babylonian* Idol *Christmas* : But this we are not to wonder at ; For there are among us a sort of Gentlemen, that have been us'd to *Lopping*, that know how to handle an *Axe*, and I think the last time they pull'd down the *Stage* in the City, they set up a *Scaffold* at Court ; perhaps they are not now the less our Enemies, because the King's Authority supports us.

A reasonable Stranger here wou'd be apt to imagine from their violent, and open Prosecution, that we of course must have no Licence, and that certainly nothing but the King's Patent cou'd protect so many lew'd, notorious, publick, and private Houses in, and about

The Dedication.

the City : Now whether such Houses are by them Tollerated to shew their Power only, or the waggishness of their Inclinations, is of no great moment to determine.

But methinks if those Places, and some few other Dealings, were first a little better regulated, it wou'd appear less rash in 'em than shou'd they in a full Body knock at every door in the City to enquire for some wise, and honest Man, to know of him after all, if we really were are a *Nusance*, or not, and whether they, and their Children ought not to be frighted at Musick, and Bears, and Bulls, and Play-bating ? Or if such a Person shou'd not easily be found, Mr. C——, wou'd be as able to resolve 'em in a moment, and be ready with a second Indictment against us, before they cou'd tell him out fifty pound for his Labour : This now, in my thoughts wou'd be abundance more Just, and Methodical : But they will have every thing their own way, and so let 'em ; to offer 'em advice is encroaching upon their *Liberty* of playing the Fool.

But suppose the Stage may have taken too loose a Liberty ? is there nothing to be said for it ? Have not all Sciences been guilty ? Was it to be expected in a Reign of Pleasure, Peace, and Madness, that the Poets shou'd not be merry ? Did not the Court then lead up the Dance ? And did not the whole Nation joyn in it ? Was it not a meer *Joan Saunderson*, and did not the Lawn-sleeves, Coiffs, and Cassocks fill up the measure ? But since those Dancing days are over, I hope our Enemies will give us leave to grow wise, and sober, as well as the rest of our Neighbours : Why shall not we have the liberty to reform, as well as the Clergy, and Lawyers ? I believe upon a fair Examination we may find, that Prophaneness, Cruelty, and Passive Obedience, are now less than ever the busiuefs of the Stage, the Bench, or the Pulpit ; and I doubt not, but we can produce Examples of some new Plays, Lawyers, and Pastors that have met with success without being oblig'd to Immorality, Bribery, or Politicks, and I dare offer this Play as one of the Number.

Now if the Stage must needs down, because 'tis possible it may Seduce, as well as Instruct ; the same rule of policy might forbid the use of Physick, because not only their Patients, but Physicians themselves die of common Diseases ; or call in the mill'd Crowns, because they are but so many Patterns for Coyners to counterfeit by, or might as well suppress the Courts of Judicature, because some Persons have suffer'd for what a succeeding Reign has made a new

Law,

The Dedication.

Law, to make that Law that sentenc'd 'em Illegal: The same Conclusion might discountenance our Religion, because we sometimes find Pride, Hypocrisie, Avarice, and Ignorance in its Teachers: So that if our zealous Reformers do but stick fairly to their method we may in time hope to see our Nation flourish without either Wit, Health, Mony, Law, Conscience, or Religion.

But this sort of Reformation I hope will never be thoroughly wrought, while the King, and the Establish'd Church have any Friends: The Stage I'm sure was never heartily oppress'd but by the Enemies of both, and it has been always observable, that they who can't endure a Prince on the Theatre, have not been very apt to like him on the Throne. So that at worst our comfort is, that when we can't be quietly Players, we still dare (as some of our Predecessors did) stir, and be Loyal. — But, Sir, I trespass too long upon your patience, as 'tis the misfortune of an obliging temper to encourage its own Trouble, tho' I am in hopes all I have said won't be thought so, because I know you are so much a Favourer of the Muses, as not to be displeas'd when they are able to speak for themselves: 'Tis no little Pride to us, that we have yet men of your Integrity, and Honour, inclin'd, and able to support us: The reasonableness of your Temper gives you Inclination, and the plenty of your Fortune Power; both which together have fixt you in a lasting taste of happiness, tho' perhaps you owe more of it to your Conduct than your Fortune. The gifts of Fortune are but the Instruments of being happy, and 'tis our knowledge in the use of 'em only makes us so: How far that knowledge contributed to your mutual Rounds of Peace and Joy, the many never dying Virtues of your first happy choice in Love, will stand a memorable and unequall'd proof to Ages. And while we daily see so many people in their own Coaches, whose Profuseness, Pride, Satiety, and Sloth renders 'em contemptibly wretched; we may reasonably conclude, that to know how to be Happy is (perhaps the most difficult, but) certainly the most useful Wisdom in the World, yet, Sir, you I dare pronounce are happy.

Happy in your Principles, your choice of Friends, and Pleasures. The first have taught you to be Just, Obliging, Grateful, and a Friend, cautious in your Credit, and punctual to your Word, because you knew you had a privilege to break it: Happy in your Friends, because you have made their Interests your own, and find, that they have Faith, and Power, to secure, and to return your
In

The Dedication.

Inclination : Your Pleasures are but few, because they are Great, and the greater because they can admit no Partner : Those of a Young, a Fair, and Virtuous Bride, from the early Instances of whose Prudent, and Obliging Conduct we may modestly conclude, that the chaste Breath of her admir'd Example may in time blow off the disgraceful Dust, which Libertinism has thrown upon the sacred Head of Marriage, and restore it to its rightful Power of Dispensing among Mankind the most secure, and solid happiness of Life ; That yours may long and mutually continue, is the only addition it can receive from Fortune, or the most devoted wishes of

S I R,

Your most Oblig'd,

and most Humble Servant,

Jan. 16.

1700

Colley Cibber.

I*F the Reader will please to look over Fletcher's Elder Brother, and his Custom of the Country, he may be satisfied how far I am oblig'd to those two Plays for part of this.*

T H E

THE PROLOGUE

To LOVE makes a MAN.

*SINCE Plays are but a kind of Publick Feasts,
Where Tickets only make the welcome Guests;
Methinks, instead of Grace, we shou'd prepare
Your Tastes in Prologue, with our Bill of Fare.
When you foreknow each Course, tho' This may teize you,
'Tis five to One, but One o'th' Five may please you.
First for you Criticks, we've your darling Chear,
Faults without number, more than Sense can bear:
You're certain to be pleas'd where Errors are.
From your Displeasure I dare vouch we're safe;
You never frown, but where your Neighbours laugh.
Now you that never know, what Spleen, or Hate is,
Who for an Act or two are welcome gratis,
That tip the Wink, and so sneak out with Nunquam fatis;
For your smart Tastes we've tost you up a Fop,
We hope the newest that's of late come up;
The Fool, Beau, Wit, and Rake, so mixt he carrys,
He seems a Ragou piping hot from Paris.
But for the softer Sex, whom most we'd move,
We've what the Fair and Chaste were form'd for, Love:
An artless Passion fraught with Hopes and Fears,
And nearest happy, when it most despairs.
For Masks we've Scandal, and for Beaus French Airs.
To please all Tastes we'll do the best we can,
For the Galleries, we've Dicky and Penkethman.
Now, Sirs, you're welcome, and you know your Fare;
But pray in Charity the Founder spare,
Lest you destroy at once the Poet and the Player.*

EPI.

EPILOGUE.

AN Epilogue's a Tax on Authors laid,
And full as much unwillingly is paid:
Good Lines, I grant, are little worth; but yet,
Coin has been always easier rais'd than Wit:
(I fear we'd made but very poor Campaigns,
Had Funds been levy'd from the grumbling Brains.)
Beside, to what poor Purpose shou'd we plead,
When you have once resolv'd a Play shall bleed?
But then again, a Wretch, in any Case,
Has leave to say why Sentence shou'd not pass.
First let your Censure from pure Judgment flow,
And mix with that some Grains of Mercy too:
On some your Praise, like wanton Lovers, you bestow.
Thus have you known a Woman plainly fair,
At first scarce worth your two days Pains or Care;
Without a Charm, but being Young, and New:
(You thought five Guineas far beyond her Due.)
But when persu'd by some gay leading Lover,
Then every day her Eyes new Charms discover;
'Till at the last by Crowds of Beaux admir'd,
Sh'as rais'd her Price to what her Heart desir'd,
New Gowns and Petticoats, which her Airs requir'd.
So Miss, and Poet too, when once cry'd up,
Believe their Reputation at the top;
And know, that while the liking Fit has seiz'd you,
She cannot Look, he Write too ill to Please you.
How can you bear a sense of Love so gross,
To let meer Fashion on your Taste impose?
Your Taste refin'd might add to your Delight;
Poets from You are taught to raise their Flight:
For as You learn to judge, They learn to write.

LOVE

LOVE makes a MAN,

O R

The Fops Fortune.

A C T. I.

The SCENE *an* HALL.

Enter Antonio, and Charino.

Ant. **W**ithout Complement, my old Friend, I shall think my self much Honour'd in your Alliance: Our Families are Ancient Both, our Children Young, and able to support 'em, and I think the sooner we set 'em to work the better.

Cha. Sir, you offer fair, and Nobly, and shall find I dare meet you in the same Line of Honour: And, I hope, since I have but one Girl in the World, you won't think me a Troublesome old Fool, if I endeavour to bestow her to her worth: Therefore, if you please, before we shake hands, a word or two by the by; for I have some Considerable Questions to ask you.

Ant. Ask 'em.

Cha. Well, In the first place you say, you have two Sons?

Ant. Exactly.

Cha. And you are willing that one of 'em shall Marry my Daughter?

Ant. Willing.

Cha. My Daughter *Angellina*!

Ant. *Angellina*.

Cha. And you are likewise Content that the said *Angellina* shall survey 'em both, and (with my Allowance) take to her Lawful Husband the which of 'em she Pleases.

Ant. Content.

B

Ant. And

Love makes a Man ; or,

Cha. And you farther Promise, that the Person, by her, (and me) so Chosen, (be it Elder, or Younger,) shall be your sole Heir, That is to say, shall be in a Conditional Possession of at least Three Parts of your Estate: You know the Conditions, and this you Positively Promise.

Ant. To Perform.

Cha. Why then, as the last Token of my full Consent, and Approbation, I give you my Hand.

Ant. There's mine.

Cha. Is't a Match?

Ant. A Match.

Cha. Done.

Ant. Done.

Cha. And Done! — That's enough — *Carlos* the Elder, you say, is a great Scholar, spends his whole Life in the University, and Loves his Study.

Ant. Nothing more, Sir.

Cha. But *Clodio*, the Younger, has seen the World, and is very well known in the Court of *France*, a sprightly Fellow! ha!

Ant. Mettle to the Back, Sir.

Cha. Well! how far either of 'em may go with my Daughter, I can't tell: She'll be easily Pleas'd where I am — I have given her some Documents already: Hark! What Noise without.

Ant. Odso! 'tis they — They're come — I have expected 'em these two Hours. Well Sarah, Who's without?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. 'Tis *Sancho*, Sir, with a Wagon Load of my Young Masters Books.

Cha. What, does he always Travel with his whole Study?

Ant. Never without it, Sir, 'tis his humour.

Enter Sancho laden with Books.

San. *Pedro* unload part of the Library: Bid the Porter open the great Gates, and make Room for t'other dozen of Carts: I'll be with you Presently.

Ant. Hah! *Sancho*! Where's my *Carlos*, speak Boy, where didst thou leave thy Master?

San. Joging on, Sir, in the Highway to Knowledge, both hands employ'd, his Book, and his Bridle, Sir: But he has sent his Duty before him in this Letter, Sir.

Ant. What have we here *Pothooks*, and *Andirons*?

San. *Pothooks*! Oh! dear Sir! — I beg your Pardon — no, Sir, this is *Arabick*: 'tis to the Lord *Abbot*, concerning the Translation, Sir, of Human Bodies — a new way of getting out of the World: There's a Terrible Wise Man has written a very smart Book of it.

Cha. Pray Friend, what will that same Book teach a Man?

San. Teach

The Fops Fortune.

3

San. Teach you, Sir? Why to Play a Trump upon Death, and shew your self a Match for the Devil,

Cha. Strange!

San. Here, Sir, this is your Letter. [To *Ant.*]

Cha. Pray, Sir, What sort of Life may your Master lead?

San. Life, Sir! no Prince fares like him: He breaks his Fast with *Aristotle*, Dines with *Tully*, Drinks at *Helicon*, Sups with *Seneca*, then walks a turn or two, in the Milky way, and, after Six Hours Conference with the Stars, sleeps with old *Erra Pater*.

Cha. Wonderful!

Ant. So! *Carlos* will be here presently — here take the Knave in, and let him Eat.

San. And Drink too, Sir?

Ant. And Drink too, Sir, — and pray see your Masters Chamber Ready. [Knocking.

Well, Sir! Who's at the Gate?

[again.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. *Monsieur*, Sir, from my Young Master *Clodio*.

Enter Monsieur.

Ant. Well, *Monsieur*, What says your Master? When will he be here?

Mon. Sayr he vil be here in de less time van quart de hour, he is not quait dirty Mile off.

Ant. And what came you before for?

Mon. Sayr me come to provide de Pulvile, and de Essaunce for his Peruque, dat he may approach to your vorship with de Reveraunce, and de belle Air.

Ant. What, Is he unprovided then?

Mon. Sayr he vas Enrage, and did breake his Botel D'orangerie, because it vas no de same is prepare for *Monseigneur Le Dauphin*.

Ant. Well, Sir, if you'll go to the Butler, he'll — help you to some Oyl, and Vinegar for his Perriwig.

Mon. Sayr, me tank you.

[Exit. *Monsieur*.

Cha. A very Notable Spark this *Clodio*. Ha! What Trampling of Horses is that without?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, my Young Masters are both come.

Ant. That's well! Now, Sir, now! Now observe their several Dispositions.

Enter Carlos.

Car. My Father! Sir, your Blessing.

B 2

Ant. Thou

Love makes a Man; or,

Ant. Thou hast it *Carlos*, and now pray know this Gentleman, *Charino*, Sir, my old Friend, and one in whom you may have a Particular Interest.

Car. I'll study to deserve his Love, Sir.

Cha. Sir, as for that matter you need not study at all.

[*They salute.*]

Enter Clodio.

Clo. Hey! *La'valliere*! bid the Groom take care our Hunters be well Rub'd, and Cloath'd, they're hot, and have outstript the Wind.

Cha. Ay, Marry Sir, there's Mettle in this Young Fellow.

Clo. Where's my Father?

Ant. Hah! my dear *Clody*, thou'rt Welcome! let me kiss thee.

Clo. Sir, ——— you kiss Pleasingly ——— I love to kiss a Man, in *Paris* we kiss nothing else. Sir, being my Fathers Friend, I am your most oblig'd, and faithful Humble Servant.

[*To Char.*]

Cha. Sir, — I — I — I — I like you. [*eagerly.*]

Clo. Thy Hand — kiss — I'm your Friend.

Cha. Faith thou art a Pretty Humour'd Fellow.

Clo. Who's that? Pray Sir, who's that!

Ant. Your Brother *Clody*.

Clo. Odso! I beg his Pardon with all my Heart — ha, ha, ha, did ever Mortal see such a Book-Worm! — Brother how is't? [*carelessly.*]

Car. I am glad you are well Brother. [*Reads.*]

Clo. What does he draw his Book upon me! then I will draw my wit upon him — Gad I'll Puzzle him — Hark you Brother, pray what's — what's Latin for a Sword-knot?

Car. The *Romans* wore none Brother.

Clo. No Ornament upon their Swords, Sir?

Car. O yes, ferial, Conquest, Peace, and Honour — an old Unfashionable wear.

Clo. Sir, no Man in *France* (I may as well say Breathing: for not to live there is not to Breath) wears a more fashionable Sword than I do, he cost me Fifteen Louis---d'or's, in *Paris* — There, Sir, — feel him, — try him, Sir.

Car. I have no skill, Sir.

Clo. No skill, Sir! Why this Sword would make a Coward Fight — aha! fa, fa! ha! Rip — ha! there I had him. (*Fencing.*)

Car. Take heed, you'll Cut my Cloaths, Brother.

Clo. Cut 'em! ha! ha! — no! no! They are Cut already Brother, to the Grammar-Rules Exactly: P'haw! Prithee Man leave off this Colledge Air.

Car. No, Brother, I think it Wholesome, the Soil, and Situation Pleasant.

Clo. A Putt, by *Jupiter*? he don't know the Air of a Gentleman from the Air of the Country: — Sir, I mean the Air of your Cloaths, I would have you change your Taylor, and Dress a little more *en Cavalier*: Lay by your Book, and take out your Snuff-Box, Cock, and look smart, hah!

Cha. Faith

The Fops Fortune.

5

Cha. Faith a Pretty Fellow !

Car. I read no use in this Brother, and for my Cloaths, the half of what I wear already seem to me Superfluous : What need I outward Ornaments, when I can Deck my self with Understanding ? Why shou'd we care for any thing but Knowledge ? Or look upon the Follies of Mankind but to Contemn or Pity those that seek 'em. *(Reads again.)*

Clo. Stark Mad ! Split me.

Cha. P'shaw ! This Fellow will never do — no Soul in him.

Clo. Hark you, Brother, what do you think of a Pretty Plump Wench now ?

Car. I seldom think that way, Women are Books I have not Read yet.

Clo. Gad I cou'd set you a sweet Lesson, Brother.

Car. I am as well here, Sir. *(Reads.)*

Cha. Good for no Earthly thing ! a Meer flock ! Ah, that Clody.

Enter Monsieur.

Mon. Sayr, here be de several fort of de Jassimine D'orangerie vidout, if you Please to make your choice.

Clo. Mum ! Sir, I must beg Pardon for a Moment, a most Important Business calls me aside, which I will dispatch with all Imaginable Celerity, and return to the Repetition of my Desire to Continue, Sir, your most oblig'd and faithful Humble Servant. *[Exit Clody Bowing.]*

Cha. Faith he's a Pretty Fellow.

Ant. Now, Sir, if yon Please, since we have got the other alone, we'll put the matter a little closer to him.

Cha. 'Tis to little Purpose, I am afraid : But use your Pleasure, Sir.

Car. Plato differs from Socrates in this. *(to himself.)*

Ant. Come ! come ! Prithee Charles lay 'em by, let 'em agree at leisure. What no hour of Interruption ?

Car. Man's Life, Sir, being so short, and then the way that leads us to the Knowledge of our selves so hard, and tedious, each minute shou'd be Precious.

Ant. Ay, but to thrive in this World Charles, you must part a little with this Bookish-Contemplation, and prepare your self for Action. If you will study let it be to know what Part of my Land's fit for the Plough, what for Pasture, to Buy, and sell my stock to the best Advantage, and Cure my Cattle when they are over-grown with Labour : This now wou'd turn to some Account.

Car. This, Sir, may be done from what I've Read : For what concerns Tillage, Who better can deliver it, than Virgil in his *Georgicks* ? And for the Cure of Herds his *Bucolicks* are a Master-piece, but when his Art describes the Common wealth of Bees, their Industry, their more than Human Knowledge of the Herbs from which they gather Hony, their Laws, their Government among themselves, their order in going forth, and coming Laden home, their strict obedience to their King, his just rewards to such as Labour, his Punishment inflicted only on the Slothful Drone. I'm ravish'd with it, then reap indeed.

deed my Harvest, receive the Gain my Cattle bring me ; And there find Wax and Honey.

Ant. Hey day ! *Georges !* And *Blew-sticks*, and *Bees-wax !* What art thou Mad ?

Cha. Raving, Raving !

Car. No Sir, the Knowledge of this, guards me from it.

Ant. But can you find among all your Musty Manuscripts, what Pleasure he enjoys, that lies in the Arms of a Young, Rich, Well-shapt, Healthy Bride ? Answer me that, ha Sir !

Car. 'Tis frequent Sir in story, there I read of all Kinds of Virtuous, and of Vicious Women, the Ancient *Spartan* Dames, the *Roman* Ladies, their Beauties, their Deformities, and when I light upon a *Portia*, or a *Cornelia*, Crown'd with ever-blooming Truth and Virtue, with such a feeling I peruse their Fortunes, as if I then had liv'd, and tasted of their Lawful envied Love : But when I meet a *Messalina* tir'd, and unsated in her foul desires, a *Clytemnestra* bath'd in her Husbands Blood, an Impious *Tullia* whirling her Chariot o're her Fathers Breathless Body, Horror invades my Faculties ; Comparing then the Numerous Guilty, with the easy Count of those that dye in Innocence, I detest, and loath 'em, as Ignorance, or Atheism.

Ant. And you do resolve then never to make Payment of the Debt you owe me !

Car. What Debt good Sir ?

Ant. Why the Debt I paid my Father, when I got you, Sir, and made him a Grandfire, which I expect from you, I won't have my Name dye.

Car. Nor wou'd I : My Labour'd Studies Sir, may prove in time a living Issue.

Ant. Very well Sir, and so I shall have a General Collection of all the Quid-dits from *Adam*, till this time to be my Grand-child !

Car. I'll take my best care Sir, that what I leave mayn't shame the Family.

Cha. A sad Fellow this ! This is a very sad Fellow.

(*Aside.*)

Ant. Nor you won't take care of my Estate ?

Car. But in my wishes Sir : For know the Wings on which my Soul is Mounted, have long since born her Pride too high to stoop to any Prey, that soars not upwards : Sordid, and Dunghil Minds compos'd of Earth, fix in that Gross Element their Happiness, but great, and Purer Spirits shaking that Clog of Human Frailty off become refin'd, and free as the Ætherial Air.

Ant. So that in short, you wou'd not Marry an Empress !

Car. Give me leave to Enjoy my self, the Closet that contains my Chosen Books to me's a Glorious Court, my Venerable Companions there, the Old Sages and Philosophers, sometimes the greatest Kings and Hero's, whose Counsels I have leave to weigh, and call their Victories, if Unjustly got, unto a strict Account, and in my Fancy dare deface their Ill Plac'd Statues ; Can I then Part with solid Constant Pleasures to Clasp uncertain Vanities : No Sir, be it your Care to swell your heap of Wealth, Marry my Brother, and let him get you Bodys of our Name, I rather wou'd Inform it with a Soul—I tire you

The Fops Fortune.

7

you Sir——your Pardon, and your leave,——Lights there for my Study.——

[Exit Carlos.]

Ant. Was ever Man thus Transported from the Common sense of his own Happiness, A stupid Wife Rogue, I cou'd beat him : Now if it were not for my Hopes in young *Clody*, I might fairly conclude my Name were at a Period.

Cha. Ay! Ay! He's the match for my Mony, and my Girls too, I warrant her, What say you Sir, shall we tell 'em a Peice of our Mind, and turn 'em together Instantly?

Ant. This Minute Sir, and here comes my Young Rogue in the very Nick of his Fortune.

Enter Clodio.

Clody, a word!

Clo. To the Wife is enough: Your Pleasure, Sir.

Ant. In the mean time Sir, if you please to send your Daughter Notice of our Intended Visit

(to *Char.*)

Cha. I'll do't——hark you, Friend.

(*Whispers a Servant.*)

Enter Sancho behind.

San. I doubt my Master has found but a Rough Wellcome! He's gone superfluous into his Study, I'd fain know the Reason——It may be some body has borrow'd one of his Books, or so——I must find it out. (*Stands aside.*)

Clo. Sir, you cou'd not have started any thing more agreeable to my Inclination; And for the Young Ladies Sir, if this Old Gentleman will Please to give me a sight of her, you shall see me Whip into hers in the Cutting of a Caper.

Cha. Well! Pursue, and Conquer; Tho let me tell you Sir, my Girl has Wit, and will give you as good as you bring, she has a smart way Sir.

Clo. Sir, I will be as smart, as she, I have my share of Courage, I fear no Woman alive Sir, having always found Sir, that Love and Assurance ought to be as Inseparable Companions, as a Beau, and a Snuff Box, or a Curate, and a Tobacco-stopper.

Cha. Faith thou art a Pleasant Rogue, I gad she must like thee.

Clo. I know how to tickle the Ladies Sir——In *Paris*, I had constantly two Challenges every Morning came up with my Chocolate, only for being Pleasant Company the Night before, with the first Ladies of Quality.

Cha. Ah, silly Envious Rogues! Prithee, what did you do to their Ladies?

San. Positively nothing. (*Aside.*)

Clo. Why the Truth is, I did make the Jades Drink a little too smartly, for which the Poor Dogs the Princes cou'd not endure me.

Cha. Why hast thou really Convers'd with the Royal Family.

Clo. Convers'd with 'em! Ay, rot 'em, Ay! Ay!——You must know some of 'em came with me half a Days Journey, to see me a little on my way hither:

But

But I gad, I sent Young *Louis* back again to *Marli Drunk*, as a Tinker, by *Jove*! Ha! Ha! He! I can't but laugh to think how Old *Monarchy* growl'd at him next Morning.

Cha. Gramercy Boy! Well! And I warrant thou art as Intimate with their Ladies too!

San. Just a like, I dare Answer for him. (Aside.)

Clo. Why you shall Judge now, you shall Judge—let me see! There was I, and *Monsieur*—no! no! no! *Monsieur* did not sup with us—There was I, and Prince *Grandmont*, Duke de *Bongrace*, Duke de *Bellegarde*—(*Bellegarde*—yes—yes, Jack was there!) *Count de l'Esprit*, *Mareschal Bombarde*, and that Pleasant Dog the Prince de *Hautenbas*. We six now were all at Supper, all in good Humour, Champaign was the Word, and Wit flew about the Room like a Pack of loosing Cards—Now Sir, in *Madams* Adjacent Lodgings, there happened to be the same Number of Ladies, after the Fatigue of a Ballet diverting themselves with *Ratifa*, and the spleen; so Dull they were not able to talk, tho it were scandalously ev'n of their best Friends: So Sir, after a Profound silence, at last one of 'em gap'd—O God! Says she, wou'd that Pleasant Dog *Clody* were here to *Badiner* a little—Hay! Says a second, and stretcht, ah! *Mondieu*! Says a third—and wak't—Cou'd not one find him says a fourth—and Leer'd—O! Burn him, says a fift, I saw him go out with the Nasty Rakes of the Blood again—in a Pett—Did you so, says a sixt—Pardie! We'll spoil that Gang Presently—in a Passion, whereupon Sir, in two Minutes, I receiv'd a Billet in three words—*Chien nous vous Demandons*:—Subscrib'd, *Grandmont*, *Bongrace*, *Bellegarde*, *L'esprit*, *Bombard*, *Hautenbas*.

Cha. Why these are the very Names of the Princes you sup't with!

Clo. Every Soul of 'em, the Individual Wife, or Sister of every Man in the Company! Split me! Ha! Ha!

Cha. and *Ant.* Ha! ha! ha!

San. Did ever two old Gudgeons swallow so Greedily? (Aside.)

Ant. Well! And didst thou make a Night on't, Boy?

Clo. Yes, I ged! And a Morning too Sir: For about eight a Clock the next day slap! They all fous'd upon their Knees, Kifs'd round, burnt their Comodes, Drank my Health, broke their Glasses, and so Parted.

Ant. Gramercy, *Clody*! Nay, 'twas always a Wild young Rogue!

Cha. I like him the better for't—he's a Pleasant one, I'm sure.

Ant. Well! The Rogue gives a Rare Account of his Travels!

Clo. I ged Sir, I have a cure for the spleen! A ha! I know how to Riggle my self into a Ladies Favour—give me leave when you please, Sir.

Cha. Sir, you shall have it this moment—faith I like him—You remember the Conditions Sir, three Parts of your Estate to him and his Heirs.

Ant. Sir, he deserves it all: 'Tis not a Trifle shall Part 'em: You see, *Charles* has given over the World, I'll undertake to buy his Birth-right for a shelf of New Books.

Cha. Ay! Ay! Get you the Writings ready with your other Sons hand to 'em, for unless he signs the Conveyance is of no Validity.

Ant. I

The Fops Fortune.

9

Ant. I know it Sir—they shall be ready with his hand in two hours.

Cba. Why then, come along my Lad, and now I'll show thee to my Daughter.

Clo. I dare be shown Sir—*Allons ! Hey ! Suivons, L' Amour.* (Sings.)
[Exeunt.]

San. How ! My Poor Master to be Disinherited for *Mounsieur*, Sa ! Sa ! there ! And I a looker on too ! If we have studied our *Majors*, and our *Minors*, Antecedents, and Consequents to be concluded Coxcombs at last, we have made a fair hand on't ; I am glad, I know of this Roguery however, I'll take care my Masters Unkle Old *Don Lewis*, shall hear of it : For tho he can hardly read a Proclamation, yet he dotes upon his Learning, and if he be that Old, Rough, Testy Blade he us'd to be, we may chance to have a Rubbers with 'em first—here he comes *Profetto*.

Enter Don Lewis.

D. Lew. *Sancho* ! Where's my Boy *Charles* ? What is he at it ? Is he at it ? —Deep—Deep, I warrant him—*Sancho* ! A little Peep now—one Peep at him through the Key hole—I must have a Peep.

San. Have a care Sir, he's upon a Magical Point.

D. Lew. What, has he lost any thing ?

San. Yes Sir, he has lost with a Vengeance.

D. Lew. But what, what, what firrah ! What is't.

San. Why, his Birth-right Sir, he is Di—di—dis—disinherited.
(Sobbing.)

D. Lew. Ha ! how ! when ! what ! where ! who ! what dost thou mean ?

San. His Brother Sir, is to Marry *Angellina* the Great Heirefs, to enjoy three Parts of his Fathers Estate, and my Master is to have a whole Acre of New Books for setting his hand to the Conveyance.

D. Lew. This must be a lye firrah ! I will have it a lye.

San. With all my heart, Sir : But here comes my Old Master, and that Pick-pocket the Lawyer, they'll tell you more.

Enter Antonio, and Lawyer.

Ant. Here Sir, this Paper has your full Instructions: Pray be speedy Sir, I don't know, but we may Couple 'em to Morrow, be sure you make it firm.

Law. Do you secure his hand, Sir, I defy the Law to give him Title again.
[Exit.]

San. What think you now Sir ?

D. Lew. Why, now methinks I'm pleas'd—this is right—I'm pleas'd—must Cut that Lawyers Throat, tho !—must Bone him—ay ! I'll have him Bon'd—and Potted.

Ant. Brother how is't ?

C

D. Lew.

D. Lew. O mighty well — mighty well — let's feel your Pulse —
Feavourish. (*Looks earnestly in Antonios face and after some Pause,*
Whistles a Peice of a Tune.)

Ant. You are merry Brother.

D. Lew. It's a lye.

Ant. How Brother ?

D. Lew. A damn'd lye — I am not merry. (*Smiling.*)

Ant. What are you then ?

D. Lew. Very Angry. (*Laughing.*)

Ant. Hi ! Hi ! hi ! At what Brother ? (*mimicking him.*)

D. Lew. Why at a very wise settlement, I have made lately.

Ant. What settlement, good Brother ? I find he has heard of it.

D. Lew. What do you think I have done — I have — This deep head of mine has — Disenherited my Elder Son, because his Understanding's an Honour to my Family, and given it all to my Younger, because he's a Puppy ! A Puppy.

Ant. Come ! I guess your meaning Brother.

D. Lew. Do you so Sir ! Why then, I must tell you flat and plain, my Boy *Charles* must, and shall Inherit.

Ant. I say no, unless *Charles* had a Soul to Value his Fortune : What ! He shou'd manage eight Thousand Crowns a Year out of the Metaphysicks ! Astronomy shou'd look to my Vineyards ? *Horace* shou'd buy of my Wines, Tragedy shou'd kill my Mutton, History shou'd cut down my Hay, *Homer* shou'd get in my Corn, *Tityre tu Patulae* took to my sheep, and Geometry bring in my Harvest home — Hark you Brother, do you know what Learning is ?

D. Lew. What if I don't Sir ? I believe it's a fine thing, and that's enough — Tho I can speak no *Greek*, I Love, and Honour the sound of it, and *Charles* speaks it Loftily ; I gad, he Thunders it out Sir, and let me tell you, Sir, if you had ever had the Grace to have heard but six lines of *Hesiod*, or *Homer*, or *Iliad*, or any of the *Greek* Poets, ods heart ! it wou'd have made your hair stand an End : Sir, he has read such things in my hearing —

Ant. But did you understand 'em, Brother ?

D. Lew. I tell you no ! What does that signifie ? The very sound's a sufficient Comfort to an Honest Man.

Ant. Fye ! fye ! I wonder you'll talk so, you that are old, and should Understand.

D. Lew. Shou'd Sir ! Yes, and do, Sir ! Sir, I'd have you to know I have Studied, I have run over History, Poetry, Philosophy.

Ant. Yes, like a Cat over an Harpsicord, rare Musick — you have read Catalogues I believe : Come ! Come ! Brother my Younger Boy's a fine Gentleman.

D. Lew. A sad Dog — I'll buy a Prettier fellow in a Penniworth of Gingerbread.

Ant. What I propose, I'll do Sir, say you your Pleasure — Here comes one I must talk with — well Brother, what News ?

Enter

The Fops Fortune.

11

Enter Charino.

Cha. O! To our wishes, Sir: *Clody's* a right bait for a Girl Sir: A Budding sprightly fellow: She's a little shy at first: But I gave him his Cue, and the Rogue does so whisk, and Frisk, and sing, and dance her about, odsbud! He Plays like a Grey-hound: Noble *Don Lewis*, I am your humble Servant: Come what say you? Shall I prevail with you to settle some Part of your Estate upon Young *Clody*?

D. Lew. *Clody*!

Char. Ay: your Nephew, *Clody*.

D. Lew. Settle upon him?

Cha. Ay:

D. Lew. Why look you, I han't much Land to spare: But I have an Admirable Horse-pond——I'll settle that upon him if you will.

Ant. Come: Let him have his way Sir: He's Old, and Hasty: My Estate's sufficient, How does your Daughter Sir.

Cha. Ripe, and ready Sir, like a Blushing Rose, she only waits for Pulling.

Ant. Why then, let to morrow be the Day.

Cha. With all my heart, get you the Writings ready, my Girl shall be here in the Morning.

D. Lew. Hark you Sir, do you suppose my *Charles* shall——

Char. Sir, I suppose nothing: What I do, I'll justify, what your Brother does let him Answer.

Ant. That I have already, Sir, and so good Morrow to your Patience Brother.
[*Exeunt.*]

D. Lew. *Sancho*!

San. Sir.

D. Lew. Fetch me some Gun-Powder——quick——quick——

San. Sir.

D. Lew. Some Gun-Powder I say——a Barrel——quickly——and dy'ee hear: Three Pennyworth of Ratsbane!——Hay!——ay, I'll blow up one, and Poison the other.

San. Come Sir, I see what you wou'd be at, and if you dare take my advice (I don't want wit at a Pinch Sir) ev'n let me try, if I can fire my Master enough with the Praises of the young Lady, to make him Rival his Brother, that wou'd blow 'em up indeed, Sir.

D. Lew. Pshaw! Impossible; he never spoke six words to any Woman in his Life, but his Bed-maker.

San. So much the better Sir, therefore if he speaks at all, it's the more likely to be out of the Road——Hark he Rings——I must wait upon him. [Exit.]

D. Lew. These Damn'd Old Rogues!——I can't look my poor Boy in the face: But come *Charles*! Let 'em go on, thou shalt not want to buy thee Books yet--- That Old Fool thy Father, and his Young Puppy shalln't share a Groat of mine between 'em? Nay to Plague 'em, I cou'd find in my heart to fall sick in a Pett, give thee my Estate in a Passion, and leave the World in a Fury. [Exit.]

A C T the II.

Enter Antonio, and Sancho.

Ant. **S**IR, he shall have what's fit for him.

San. No Inheritance, Sir?

Ant. Enough to give him Books, and a moderate Maintenance : That's as much as he Cares for ; You talk like a Fool, a Coxcomb, Trouble him with Land——

San. Must Master *Clodio* have all Sir?

Ant. All ; all ; He knows how to use it : He's a Man bred in this World, t'other in the Skys, his Business is altogether above stairs : Go ; See what he wants.

San. A Father I'm sure.

[*Exit Sancho.*]

Ant. What, will none of my Rogues come near me now ? O ; Here they are

Enter Several Servants.

Well, Sir ! in the first Place can you procure me a Plentiful Dinner for about Fifty, within these two Hours ? Your Young Master is to be Married this Morning, Will that spur you, Sir ?

Cook. Young Master, Sir ! I wish your Honour had given me a little more Warning.

Ant. Sir, you have as much as I had, I was not sure of it half an hour ago.

Cook. Sir, I will try what I can do——Hey ; *Pedro ; Gusman ;* Come stir ho !

[*Ex. Co.*]

Ant. Butler ; The Cellar open to all good Fellows, if any Man offers to sneak away sober, knock him down ; Is the Musick come ?

But. They are within at Breakfast Sir.

Ant. That's well ; Here let this Room be Clean'd——You Hussy, see the Bride-bed made, take care no Young Jade cut the Cords asunder, and look the sheets be fine and well scented——and dye hear——lay on three Pillow ; away !
four

[*Exeunt.*
Carlos]

Carlos alone in his Study.

Car. What a Perpetual Noise these People make ! my Head is broken with a Parenthesis in every Corner : I have forgot to eat, and sleep, with Reading, all my Faculties turn into Study : What a Misfortune 'tis in Human Nature, that the Body will not live on that which feeds the Mind !—— How unprofitable a Pleasure's Eating ?—— *Sancho.*

Enter Sancho.

San. Did you call, Sir ?

Car. Prithee what Noise is this ?

San. The Cooks are hard at work, Sir, Chopping Herbs, and minc'd meat, and breaking Marrowbones.

Car. And is it thus at every Dinner ?

San. No, Sir : But we have high doings to day.

Car. Well, set this Folio in its Place again, then make me a little Fire, and get a Manchet, I'll dine alone : Does my younger Brother speak any Greek yet, *Sancho* ?

San. No, Sir, but he spits *French* like a Magpy, and that's more in Fashion.

Car. He steps before me there : I think I Read it well to Understand, but when I aim to give it Utterance, it quarrels with my Tongue—— Again that Noise ! Prithee tell me *Sancho*, are there any Princes to dine here ?

San. Some that are as happy as Princes, Sir, —— your Brother's Married to day.

Car. What of that ! might not Six Dishes serve 'em ? I have never have but one, and eat of that but sparingly.

San. Sir, all the Country round is Invited, not a Dog that knows the House but comes too, all open, Sir.

Car. Prithee who is it my Brother Marrys ?

San. Old *Charino's* Daughter, Sir, the Great Heirefs ; a delicate Creature, Young, Soft, Smooth, Fair, Plump, and Ripe as a Cherry, —— and they say Modest too.

Car. That's strange, Prithee how do these Modest Women look ? I never yet Converst with any but my own Mother, to me they ever were but shadows, seen and unregarded.

San. Ah ! wou'd you saw this Lady, Sir, she'd draw you farther than your *Archimedes*, she has a better Secret than any's in *Aristotle*, if you'd study for it : I gad you'd find her the Prettiest Natural Philosopher to Play with.

Car. Is she so fine a Creature ?

San. Such Eyes ! such Looks ! such a Pair of Pretty, Plump, Powting Lips ! such Softness in her Voice ! such Musick too ! and when she smiles, such

such Roguish Dimples in her Checks! such a Clear Skin! white Neck, and a little Lower such a Pair of Round, hard heaving what de'e callums—— Ah!

Car. Why thou art in Love *Sancho*.

San. Ay! so wou'd you be, if you saw her, Sir.

Car. I don't think so: What Settlement does my Father make 'em?

San. Only all his Dirty Land, Sir: makes your Brother his sole Heir.

Car. Must I have Nothing?

San. Books in Abundance, leave to study your Eyes out, Sir.

Car. I am the Elder Born, and have a Title too.

San. No matter for that, Sir, he'll have Possession —— of the Lady too.

Car. I wish him happy —— he'll not Inherit my little Understanding too!

San. O, Sir, he's more a Gentlemen, than to do that —— Ods me! Sir, Sir! here comes the very Lady, the Bride, your Sister, that must be, and her Father.

Enter Charino, and Angellina.

Stand close, you'll both see and hear her, Sir.

Car. I ne're saw any yet so fair! such sweetness in her Look! such Modesty! if we may think the Eye the Window to the Heart, she has a Thousand Treasur'd Virtues there:

San. So! the Books gone!

(aside.)

Cha. Come! Prithee put on a brisker Look! oddheart! do'st thou think in Conscience that's fit for thy Wedding-day?

Ang. Sir, I cou'd wish it were not quite so suddain, a little time for farther Thought perhaps had made it easier to me: To Change for ever is no Trifle, Sir.

Car. A Wonder!

Cha. Look you, his Fortune I have taken Care of, and his Person you have no Exceptions to, What in the Name of *Venus* wou'd the Girl have?

Ang. I never said of all the World I made him, Sir, my Choice: Nay, tho' he be yours, I cannot say I am highly Pleas'd with him, nor yet am so averse, but I had rather Welcome your Commands, and him, than Disobedience.

Cha. O! if that be all, Madam, to make you Easy, my Commands are at you Service.

Ang. I have done with my Objections, Sir.

Car. Such Understanding in so soft a Form! —— Happy —— Happy Brother! —— may he be Happy, while I sit down in Patience, and alone! —— I have gaz'd too much —— reach me an *Ovid*. [Exit. *Car.* and *San.*

Cha. I say put on your best Looks Huffy —— for here he comes faith.

Enter

Enter Clodio.

Ah! my Dear Clody!

Clo. My dear, (*Kisses him.*) Dear Dad! Hah! *Ma Princeesse! estes vous la done! a ha! Non! non! Je ne my Connois Guere, &c.* (*Sings.*) Look, look! — look o' fly-boots! What she knows nothing of the matter! but you will Child! — I ged I shall count the Clock extreemly to Night: Let me see — What time shall I rise to morrow? — not till after Nine, — Ten, — Eleven, for a Pistol! ah — *C'est a dire Votre Caur Insensible est en fin vaincu. Non! non! &c.* (*Sings a second Verse.*)

Enter Antonio, D. Lewis, and Lawyer.

Ant. Well said, Clody! My Noble Brother Wellcome! my fair Daughter, I give you Joy!

Clo. And so will I too, Sir! *Allons! vivons! Chantons! Dancons! Hey L'autre Jour, &c.* (*Sings, and Dances, &c.*)

Ant. Well said again Boy! Sir, you and your Writings are Welcome! What my Angry Brother! Nay you must have your Welcome too! or we shall make but a flat Feast on't.

D. Lew. Sir, I am not Welcome, nor I won't be Welcome, nor no Body's Welcome, and you are all a Parcel of —

Cha. What, Sir!

D. Lew. — Miserable Wretches — sad Dogs.

Ant. Come, pray Sir, bear with him, he's old and hasty: but he'll dine, and be good Company for all this.

D. Lew. A strange Lye, that.

Clo. Ha! ha! ha! Poor Testy! ha! ha!

D. Lew. Don't Laugh, my dear Rogue! Prithee don't Laugh now: Faith! I shall break thy Head if thou dost.

Clo. Gats so! what then I find you are angry at me, Dear Unkle!

D. Lew. Angry at thee! hay! Puppy! — Why what! — what dost thou see in that Lovely Hatched Face o'thine, that's worth my being out of Humour at? Blood! and Fire, you Dog! get out of my sight, or —

Ant. Nay, Brother, this is too far —

D. Lew. Angry at him, a Son of a — Sons, son of a Whore!

Clo. Ha! ha! Poor Peevish!

D. Lew. Pd fain have some Body Poison him. (*To himself.*) Ah! that Sweet Creature! Must this fair Flower be cropt to stick up in a Piece of Rascally Earthen Ware! I must speak to her — Puppy! stand out of my way!

Clo. Ha! ha! ay! now for it.

D. Lew. (*To Ang.*) Ah! — ah! — ah! Madam — I pittty you! you're a Lovely Young Creature, and ought to have an Handsome Man Yok'd to you, one of Understanding too: — I am sorry to say it, but this Fellows Skull's

Extreamly

Extreamly thick— he can never get any thing upon that Fair Body but Muffs and Snuff boxes : Or say he have a thing shap'd like a Child, you can make nothing of it but a Taylor.

Clo. Ods me : why you are Testy, my Dear Unkle :

D. Lew. Will no Body take that Tronblesome Dog out of my sight — I can't stay where he is — I'll go see my Poor Boy *Charles* — I've disturb'd you, Madam, your humble Servant.

Ant. You'll come again and Drink the Brides Health, Brother ?

D. Lew. That Ladies Health I may : and, if she'll give me leave, perhaps sit by her at Table too.

Clo. Ha ! ha ! 'by Nunkle :

D. Lew. Puppy : Good by —

[Exit D. Lewis.]

Ang. An odd Humour'd Gentleman.

Ant. Very odd indeed Child, I suppose in pure spite he'll make my Son *Charles* his Heir.

Ang. Methinks I wou'd not have a Light Head, nor one laden with too much Learning, as my Father says this *Charles* is ; sure there's something hid in that old Gentlemans Concern for him, that speaks him not so meer a Log.

Ant. Come, shall we go, and Seal Brother ? The Priest stays for us ; when *Charles* has sign'd the Conveyance, as he shall Presently, we'll then to the Wedding, and so to Dinner.

Cha. With all my heart, Sir.

Clo. Allons : ma Chere Princeesse.

[Exeunt.]

Carlos in his Study, with Don Lewis, and Sancho.

D. Lew. Nay you are Undone.

Car. Then — I must study, Sir, to bear my Fortune.

D. Lew. Have you no greater Feeling ?

San. You were sensible of the great Book, Sir, when it fell upon your Head, And wont the Ruin of your Fortune stir you ?

Car. Will he have my Books too ?

D. Lew. No, no, he has a Book, a Fine one too, Call'd the Gentlemans Recreation, or the Secret Art of getting Sons and Daughters : such a Creature ? A Beauty in Folio : wou'd thou hadst her in thy Study *Charles*, tho' it were but to new Clasp her.

San. He has seen her, Sir.

D. Lew. Well, and — and —

San. He flung away his Book, Sir.

D. Lew. Did he Faith : wou'd he had flung away his Humour too, and spoke to her.

Car. Must my Brother then have all ?

D. Lew. All, all.

San. All that your Father has, Sir.

Car. And that Fair Creature too ?

San. Ay, Sir.

D. Lew. Hay :

Car. He

Car. He has enough then.

(*sighing.*)

D. Lew. He have her, *Charles!* why wou'd! wou'd! that is— hay!

Car. May I not see her sometimes, and call her Sister? I'll do him no wrong.

D. Lew. I can't bear this! 'sheart I cou'd cry for Madness! Flesh, and Fire! do but speak to her Man.

Car. I cannot, Sir, her Look requires something of that distant awe, Words of that soft respect, and yet such force, and meaning too, that I shou'd stand Confounded to approach her, and yet I long to wish her Joy! — O were I born to give it too!

D. Lew. Why thou shalt wish her Joy Boy: Faith she is a Good humour'd Creature, she'll take it kindly.

Car. Do you think so, Unkle?

D. Lew. I'll to her, and tell her of you.

Car. Do, Sir, — stay Unkle — Will she not think me Rude, I wou'd not for the World offend her.

D. Lew. 'Fend, a Fiddle-stick — let me alone — I'll — I'll

Car. Nay, but Sir! Dear Unkle.

D. Lew. A hum! a hum!

[*Exit. D. Lewis.*]

Enter Antonio and Lawyer with a Writing.

Ant. Where's my Son?

San. There, Sir, Casting a Figure what Chopping Children his Brother shall have, and where he shall find a New Father for himself.

Ant. I shall find a stick for you, Rogue, I shall. *Charles!* How dost thou do? Come hither, Boy.

Car. Your Pleasure, Sir?

Ant. Nay, no great matter, Child, only to put your Name here a little to this Bit of Parchment, I think you Write a Reasonable good hand, *Charles.*

Car. Pray, Sir, to what use may it be?

Ant. Only to Pass your Title in the Land I have, to your Brother *Clodio.*

Car. Is it no more, Sir?

Law. That's all, Sir.

Ant. No! no! 'tis nothing else: Look you, you shall be provided for, you shall have what Books you please, and your Means shall come in without your Care, and you shall always have a Servant to wait on you.

Car. Sir, I thank you: But, if you Please, I had rather Sign it before the good Company below, it being, Sir, so frank a Gift 'twill be some small Complement to have it done before the Lady too: There I shall Sign it Cheerfully, and wish my Brother Fortune.

Ant. With all my Heart, Child, its the same thing to me.

Car. You'll excuse me, Sir, if I make no great stay with you.

Ant. Do as thou wilt, thou shalt do any thing thou hast a mind to. [*Excunt.*]

San. Now has he undone himself for ever; od'sheart! I'll down into the Sellar and be stark Drunk for Anger.

[*Exit.*]

The SCENE Changes to a Dining-Room, a large Table spread.

Enter Charino with Angellina, Clodio, Don Lewis, Ladies, Priest and Lawyer.

Law. **C**OME let him bring his Sons Hand, and all's done: Are you Ready Sir?

Priest. Sir, I shall dispatch them presently, immediately! for in Truth I am an Hungry.

Clo. I ged, I warrant you the Priest and I cou'd both fall too without saying Grace — Ha! you little Rogue! What you think it long too!

Ang. I find no fault, Sir, Better things were well done, than done too hastily — Sir, you look Melancholly. *(To D. Lewis.)*

D. Lew. Sweet Smelling Blossom! Ah that I had the gathering of thee! I wou'd stick thee in the Bosom of a Pretty Young Fellow — Ah! thou hast mist a Man (but that he is so bewitch't to his Study, and knows no other Mistress than his Mind) so far above this Feather-headed Puppey —

Ang. Can he talk, Sir?

D. Lew. Like an Angel — to himself — the Devil a word to a Woman: His Language is all upon the High Business to Heav'n, and Heavenly Wonders, to Nature, and her Dark, and Secret Causes.

Ang. Does he speak well there, Sir?

D. Lew. To Admiration! such Curiosities! But he can't look a Woman in the Face, if he does he Blushes like Fifteen.

Ang. But a little Conversation, methinks —

D. Lew. Why so I think too: But the Boy's bewicht, and the Devil can't bring him to't: Shall I try if I can get him to wish you Joy?

Ang. I shall receive it as becomes his Sister, Sir.

Clo. Look! look! Old Testy will fall in Love by and by, he's hard at it, Split me.

Cha. Let him alone, she'll fetch him about, I warrant you.

Clo. So, here my Father comes! Now Priest! hey! my Brother too! that's a wonder! Broke like a Spirit from his Cell.

Enter Antonio, and Carlos.

D. Lew. Odso! here he is! That's he! a little inclining to the lean, or so, but his Understanding's the fatter for't.

Ant. Come Charles, 'twas your desire to see my fair Daughter, and the good Company, and then to Seal before 'em all, and give your Brother Joy.

Cha. He does well, I shall think the better of him as long as I live.

Car. Is this the Lady, Sir?

Ant. Ay, that's your Sister, Charles.

Car. Forbid it Love! *(aside.)* Do you not think she'll grace our Family?

Ant. No doubt on't, Sir.

Car. Shou'd I not thank her for so unmerited a Grace?

Ant. Ay, and welcome, Charles.

D. Lew. Now

D. Lew. Now my Boy ! give her a gentle twist by the Fingers ; lay your Lips softly ! softly ! Close, and Plumm ! to hers. *(apart to Car.)*

Car. Pardon a Strangers freedom, Lady. *(salutes Ang.)* Dissolving Softness ! O the drowning Joy ! Happy ! — Happy he that sips Eternally such Nectar down, that unconfined may Lave, and Wanton there insatiable Draughts of ever springing Beauty — But you, Fair Creature, share by far the higher Joy, if, as I've Read, (nay now am sure) the sole delight of Love lies only in the Power to give.

Ang. How near his Thoughts agree with mine ! This the meer Scholar I was told of ! *(aside.)* — I find, Sir, you have Experienced Love, you seem acquainted with the Passion.

Car. I've had indeed a Dead Pale Glimpse in Theory : but never saw th' enlivening Light before.

Ang. Ha ! Before ! *(aside.)*

Ant. Well, these are very fine Complements, Charles : But you say nothing to your Brother yet.

Car. O yes, and wish him, Sir, with any other Beauty (if Possible) more Lasting Joy, than I cou'd tast with her.

Ang. He speaks unhappily.

Clo. Hay ! — What do you say, Brother ?

Ant. Nay, for my Part, I dont understand him.

Cha. Nor I.

D. Lew. Stand Clear, I do — and that sweet Creature too, I hope.

Ang. Too well, I fear ! *(aside.)*

Ant. Come, come, to the Writing, Charles, prithee leave thy Studying Man.

Car. I'll leave my Life first, I study now to Be a Man, before what Man was, was but my Argument — I now am on the Proof ! I find, I Feel my self a Man — nay, I fear it too.

D. Lew. He has it ! he has it ! my Boy's in for't.

Clo. Come, come, will you —

D. Lew. Stand out of the way, Puppy ! *(Interposing with his back to Clo.)*

Car. Whence is it, Fair, that while I offer speech to you, my Thoughts want Words, my Words their free and honest Utterance ? Why is it thus I Tremble in your Touch, and fear your Frown, as wou'd a frighted Child the Dreadful Lightning ? Yet shou'd my dearest Friend, or Brother dare to Check my vain deluded Wishes, O ! I shou'd turn and tear him like an offend-ed Lyon — Is this, can it, must it be a Sisters Power ?

Clo. Come, come, Will you Sign, Brother ?

D. Lew. Time enough, Puppy !

Car. O ! if you know with what Precipitated haste you hurry on a Deed, that makes you Blest or Miserable ever, ev'n yet, near as you are to Happiness, you'd find no Danger in a Moments Pause.

Clo. I say, Will you Sign, Brother ?

Car. Away ! I have no time for Trifles ! Room for an Elder Brother.

D. Lew. Why did not I bid thee stand out of the way now ?

Ant. Ay ! but this is trifling, Charles ! come, come, your hand Man.

Car. Your Pardon, Sir, I cannot Seal ; yet, had you only shew'd me Land, I had resign'd it free, and Proud to have bestow'd it to your Pleasure : 'Tis Care, 'tis Dirt, and Trouble : But you have open'd to me such a Treasure, such unimagined Mines of Solid Joy, that I perceive my Temper stubborn now, ev'n to a Churlish Avarice of Love— Heaven direct my Fortune !

Ant. And so you won't part with your Title, Sir ?

Car. Sooner with my Soul of Reason, be a Plant, a Beast, a Fish, a Fly, and only make the Number of things up, than yield one foot of Land— if she be ty'd to't.

Cha. I don't like this, he talks oddly, methinks ?

Ang. Yet with a Bravery of Soul might warm the coldest Heart. (*aside.*)

Clo. Pshaw ! Pox ! Prithee, Brother, you had better think of these things in your Study Man !

Car. Go you and study, for 'tis time young Brother ; turn o're the Tedious Volumes I have Read, think and digest 'em well ! The wholesomest Food for green Consumptive Minds ! wear out whole Fasted Days, and, by thy Pale weak Lamp, pore away the Freezing Nights ; rather make dim thy Sight, than leave thy Mind in doubt or darkness : Confine thy useless Travels to thy Closet, Traverse the Wise, and Civil Lives, of Good and Great Men Dead ; Compare 'em with the Living : Tell me why *Cæsar* Perisht by the Hand that lov'd him most, and why his Enemies Deplor'd him ? Distill the Sweetness from the Poets Spring, and learn to soften thy Desires, nor dare to Dream of Marriage Vows till thou hast taught thy Soul, like mine, to Love— Is it for thee to wear a Jewel of this Inestimable Worth ?

D. Lew. Ah ! Charles ! (*Kisses him.*) What say you to the Scholar now Chicken ?

Ang. A Wonder ! — Is this Gentleman your Brother, Sir ?

Clo. Hay ! No, my — Madam, not quite — that is, he is a little a kin by the — Pox on him, wou'd he were Buried — I can't tell what to say to him, split me.

Ant. Positively you will not Seal then ! ha !

Car. Neither — I shou'd not blindly say I will not Seal — let me in-treat a Moments Pause — for, even yet, perhaps, I may. (*Sighing.*)

Ang. Forbid it, Fortune ! (*aside.*)

Ant. O ! may you so, Sir !

Clo. Ay ! Sir, hay ! What, you are come to your self I find — 'heart ?

Cha. Ay, ay, give him a little time, he'll think better on't I warrant you.

Car. Perhaps, Fair Creature, I have done you Wrong, whose Plighted Love and Hope went hand in hand together : But, I conjure you, think my Life were Hateful after so Base, so Barbarous an act as Parting 'em : What ! to lay wast at once, for ever, all the Gay Blossoms of your forward Fortune, the Promis'd wishes of your Young Desire ; your Fruitful Beauty, and your Springing Joy, your Thriving Softness, and your Cluster'd Kisses, growing on the Lips of Love, devour'd with an unthrifty Infants Appetite ! O forbid Love ! forbid it Nature, and Humanity ! I have no Land, no Fortune, Life, or Being, while your Necessity of Peace requires 'em : Say ! or but give me need to think
your

your smallest Hope depends on my objected Ruine, my Ruine is my safety there, my Fortune, or my Life resign'd with Joy, so your account of happy hours were thence, but rais'd to any added Number.

Char. Why ay ! There's some Civility in this.

Clo. The Fellow really talks very Prettily.

Car. But if in bare Compliance to a Fathers will, you now but Suffer Marriage, or what may yet be worse, give it as an Extorted Bond, Impos'd on the simplicity of your Youth, and dare confess you wish some honest Friend wou'd save, or free you from its hard Conditions, I then again have Land, have Life, and Resolution waiting still upon your Happier Fortune.

Clo. Ha ! ha ! Pert enough, that ! I ged ! I long to see what this will come to ?

Preist. In Truth, unless some body is Married Presently, the Dinner will be spoil'd, and then——no body will be able to eat it.

Ant. Brother, I say let's remove the Lady.

Cha. Force her from him !

Car. 'Tis too late ! I have her figure here ! Sooner shall Bodys leave their shade, as well you might attempt to shut old time into a Den, and from his Downy wings wash the swift hours away, or steal Eternity to stop his Glass, so fixt, so Rooted here is every growing thought of Her.

Clo. Gatts me ! What now it's troublesome again, is it ?

Car. Consider fair one now's the very Crisis of our Fate : You cannot have it sure, to Ask if Honour be the Parent of my Love : If you can Love for Love, and think your heart Rewarded there, like two Young Vines we'll Curl together, Circling our Souls in never ending Joy ; we'll spring together, and we'll bear one Fruit ; One Joy shall make us smile, one sorrow mourn ; One Age go with us, one hour of Death shall shut our Eyes, and one Cold Grave shall hold us Happy——Say, but you hate me not ! O speak ! Give but the softest breath to that Transporting thought !

Ang. Need I then speak, to say, I'm far from Hating you——I wou'd say more, but there is nothing fit for me to say.

Cha. I'll bear it no longer——

Ang. On this you may depend, I cannot like that Marriage was propos'd me.

Car. How shall my Soul requite this Goodness ?

Cha. Beyond Patience ! This is downright Insolence ! Roguery ! Rape !

Ant. Part 'em !

Clo. Ay ! ay ! Part 'em, part 'em.

D. Lew. Loll ! lum ! dum—— (Sings, and draws in their Defence.)

Cha. Call an Officer ! I'll have 'em forc'd asunder.

Ang. Nay then, I am reduc'd to take Protection here. (Goes to Carlos.)

Car. O Extasy of Heart ! Transporting Joy !

D. Lew. Lorra ! Dorroll ! Loll ! (Sings, and Dances.)

Cha. A Plott ! A Plott, against my Honour ! Murder ! Treason ! Gun-Powder, I'll be Reveng'd !

Ant. Sir, you shall have satisfaction.

Cha. I'll be Reveng'd !

Ant.

Love makes a Man ; or,

Ant. Carlos, I say forgo the Lady.

Car. Never, while I have sense of Being, Life, or Motion.

Clo. You won't! Gatto! What then, I find I must lug out upon this Business.

Allons! The Lady Sir!

D. Lew. Lorra! Dorroll! Loll!

(Presenting his Point to Clodio.)

Char. I'll have his Blood!

Car. Hold Unkle! Come Brother, sheath your Anger—I'll do my best to satisfy you all—but first, I wou'd Intreat a Blessing here.

Ant. Out of my Doors! Thou art no Son of mine! *[Exit Ant.]*

Car. I am sorry I have lost a Father, Sir—For you Brother, since once you had a seeming Hope, in lieu of what you've lost, half of my Birth-right.

Clo. No halves! No halves Sir, the whole Lady!

Car. Why then the whole, if you can like the Terms.

Clo. What Terms! What Terms! Come quick! quick!

Car. The first is this—*(Snatches D. Lewis's Sword)* Winn her, and wear her! For on my Soul unless my Body fail, my Mind shall never yeild thee up a thought in Love.

D. Lew. Gramercy Charles! To him Boy! I ged! This Love has made a Man of him.

Car. This is the first good Sword, I ever Pois'd in Anger yet, 'tis sharp I'm sure, if it but hold my putting home, I shall so hunt your Insolence—I feel the fire of ten strong Spirits in me! Wer't thou a Native Fencer in so Fair a cause, I thus shou'd hold thee at the worst defiance.

Clo. Look you Brother, Take care of your self, I shall certainly be in you the first thrust, but if you had rather de'e see, we'll talk a little calmly about this Business.

Car. Away Trifler! I wou'd be loath to prove thee Coward too.

Clo. Coward! Why then really, Sir, if you Please Midriff'd's the Word, Brother you're a Son of a Whore—*Allons!* *(They Fight, and Clodio is Disarm'd.)*

Cha. His Blood! I say his Blood! I'll have it by all the Scars, and Wounds of Honour in my Family. *[Exit.]*

Car. There Sir: Take your Life—and mend it—began without Reply.

Ang. Are you not wounded Sir?

Car. Only in my Fears for you: How shall we bestow us, Unkle?

D. Lew. Positively we are not safe here, This Lady being an Heiress: Follow me.

Car. Good Angels Guard us.

[Exeunt with Ang.]

Clo. Gatto! I never fenc'd to Ill in my life—never in my life, split me!

Enter Monsieur.

Mon. Sayr here be de Trompette, de Haut—bois, de Musique, de Maitre Dancer, dey delecter to know if you sal be please to ave de Masque begin.

Clo. Hay! What does this Puppy say now!

Mon. Sayr de Musique.

Clo. Why ay—that's true—but—tell 'em—plague on 'em, tell me they are not ready tun'd.

Mon.

Mon. Sayr dere is all Tune, all prepare.

Clo. Ay! Why then tell 'em that my Brothers wife again, and has spoil'd all, and I am Bubbled, and so I shan't be Married till next time: But I have fought with him, and he has Disarm'd me, and so he won't release the Land, nor give me my Mistress again, and I—I am undone that's all. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Charino, Antonio, Officers and Servants.

Cha. Officer do your Duty: I say, seize 'em all.

Ant. Carry 'em this minute before a—how now! What all Fled!

Cha. Ha! my Girl! my Child! my Heirefs! I am abus'd! I'm Cheated! I am Robb'd: I am Ravisht, Murder'd, and Flung in a Ditch.

Ant. Who let 'em out! Which way went they Villains!

Ser. Sir, we had no Order to stop 'em: But they went out at that Door, not fix minutes ago.

Cha. I'll persue 'em with Bills, Warrants, Actions, Writts, and Malice: I'm a Lawyer, Sir, They shall find I understand Ruine.

Ant. Nay, they shall be found Sir, run you to the Port firrah, see if any Ships are going off, and bring us notice immediately.

Enter Sancho Drunk.

San. Ban, ban, Cac-caliban! (*Sings.*)

Ant. Here comes a Rogue, I'll warrant, knows the bottom of all! where's my Son, Villain!

San. A huh!—Son Sir!

Cha. Where's my Daughter firrah!

San. Daughter Sir! ahuh!

Cha. Ay, my Daughter Rascall!

San. Why Sir, they told me Just now Sir—that she's ahuh!—she's run away

Ant. Dog where's your Master?

San. My Master! Why they say he is—ahuh!

Ant. Where firrah!

San. Why he is—he is—gone along with her.

Ant. Death! you Dog discover him, or—

San. Sir, I will—I will.

Ant. Where is he Villain!

San. Where Sir! Why to be sure he is—he is—upon my Soul, I don't know Sir.

Ant. No more Trifling Rascall.

San. If I do Sir, I wish this may be my Poison. (*Drinks.*)

Ant. Death! you Dog get out of my house, or I'll—so Sir, have you found him.

Reenter the Servant Hastily, and Clodio.

Clo. Ay Sir, have you found 'em?

Ser

Ser. Yes Sir, I had sight of 'em: But they were just got aboard a small Vessel, before I cou'd overtake 'em.

Cha. Death, and Furies!

Ant. Whither were they bound sirrah!

Ser. Sir, I cou'd not discover that: But they Sail'd full before the wind, with a very smart Gale.

Ant. What shall we do Brother?

Clo. Be as smart as they Sir: Follow 'em! Follow 'em.

Cha. Send to the Port this moment, and secure a Ship: I'll pursue 'em thro' all the Elements!

Clo. I'll follow you, by the Northern Star.

Ant. Run to the Port again Rogue: Hire a Ship, and tell 'em they must hoist sayl immediately.

Clo. And you Rogue run to my Chamber, fill up my snuff-box——Cram it hard you Dog, and be here again before you get thither.

Ant. What will you take nothing else Boy!

Clo. Nothing Sir, but snuff, and opportunity——we're in haste! *Allons! hey!*
Je vole. [Exit.]

A C T the III.

The SCENE Lisbon.

Enter Elvira, Don Duart, and Governour.

Elv. **D**ear Brother, let me Intreat you, stay: Why will you provoke your Danger?

D. Du. Madam, my Honour must be satisfied.

Elv. That's done already by the Degrading blow you gave him.

Gov. Pray Neice what is it, has incens'd him?

Elv. Nothing but a needless Quarrell.

Gov. I am sorry for him—To whom is all this Fury Nephew?

D. Du. To you Sir, or any Man that dares oppose me.

Gov. Come! You are too Boisterous Sir, and this vain Opinion of your Courage taken on your late success in Duelling, makes you daily shun'd by Men of Civil Conversation; For shame leave off these senseless Braules; if you are Valiant as you wou'd be thought, turn out your Courage to the Wars, let your King and Country be the better for't.

D. Du. Yes, so I might be General—Sir, no Man living shall command me.

Gov. Sir, you shall find that here in *Lisbon* I will: I'm every hour follow'd with Complaints of your behaviour from Men of almost all Conditions; and my Authority, which you presume will bear you out, because you are my Nephew, no longer shall Protect you now: Expect your next Disorder to be punish'd with as much severity, as his that is a stranger to my Blood.

D. Du. Punish me! You, nor your Office dare not do't.

Gov. Away! Justice dares do any thing she ought.

Elv. Brother, this Brutal Temper must be cast off: When you can master that, you gladly shall command my Fortune: But if you still persist, expect my Prayers and Vows for your Conversion only: But never means, or Favour.

D. Du. Fire! and Furies! I am tutor'd here like a meer School Boy: Women shall Judge of Injuries in Honour:—For you Sir—I was born free, and will not Curb my Spirit, nor is it safe for your Authority to tempt it: Give me the Usage of a Man of Honour, or 'tis not your Government shall Protect you.

[Exit.

Gov. I am sorry to see this, Neice, for your sake.

Elv. Wou'd he were not my Brother.

Enter Don Manuel, and Sailors with Angellina.

D. Ma. Divide the spoil amongst you: This fair Captive I only Challenge for my self.

Gov. Ha! Some Prize brought in.

Sail. Sir, she's yours, you fought, and well deserve her.

Gov. Noble Don Manuell! Wellcome on shore: I see you are Fortunate: For I presume that's some Uncommon Prize.

D. Ma. She is indeed—These ten Years I have known the Sea, and many rough Engagements there: But never saw so small a Bark so long defended with such Incredible Valour, and by two Men scarce arm'd too.

Gov. Is't Possible?

D. Ma. Nay, and their Contempt of Death when taken, exceeds even all they acted in their Freedom.

Gov. Pray tell us Sir.

D. Ma. When they were brought aboard us both Disarm'd, and ready to be Fetter'd, they look'd as they had sworn never to take the bread of Bondage, and on a sudden snatching up their swords (the younger taking first from this fair Maid a farewell only with his Eyes) both leapt into the Sea.

Gov. 'Tis wonderful indeed.

D. Ma. It wrought so much upon me (had not our own safety hindred, at
E that

that time a great Ship pursuing us) I wou'd in Charity have ta'n 'em up, and with their lives they shou'd have had their liberty.

Ang. Too late, alas ! they're lost ! (heart-wounding thought!) for ever lost ! — I now am Friendless, Miserable, and a Slave.

D. Man. Take comfort fair one, perhaps you yet again may see 'em : They were not quite a League from shore, and with such strength, and courage broke through the Rowling Waves, they cou'd not fail of life and safety.

Ang. In that last Hope, I brook a wretched Being : But if they're Dead, my Woes will find so many Doors to let out life, I shall not long survive 'em.

Elv. Alas poor Lady ! Come Sir, Misery but weeps the more when she is gaz'd on — we trouble her.

Gov. I wait on you, your Servant Sir — *Ex. Elv. and Gov.*

D. Ma. Now my fair Captive, tho I confess you Beautiful : yet give me leave to own my Heart has long been in anothers keeping : Therefore the favour I am about to ask you may at least hear with safety.

Ang. This has engag'd me Sir to hear.

D. Man. These three Years, I have Honourably lov'd a Noble Lady, her Name *Louisa*, The Beauteous Neice of great *Ferrara's* Duke : Her Person, and her Fortune Uncontroul'd, sole Mistress of her self and me, who long have languish'd in an Hopeless Constancy : Now I perceive in all your Language, and your looks a softning Power, nor can a suit by you Promoted be Deny'd : Therefore I wou'd a while intreat your leave to recommend you, as her Companion, to this Ladies Favour : And (as I am sure you'll soon be near her Closest thoughts) if you can think upon the Honest Courtesies I hitherto have shown your Modesty, and in your Happy Talk, but name with any mark of Favour me, or my Unwearied Love, 'twou'd be a Generous Act, wou'd fix me ever Grateful to its Memory.

Ang. Such Poor Assistance Sir, as one Distress'd like me can give shall willingly be Paid : If I can steal but any thoughts from my own Misfortunes, rest assur'd, they'll be employ'd in healing Yours.

D. Ma. I'll study to deserve this Goodness : For the present think my Poor house your own, at Night I'll wait on you to the Lady : Till when I am your Guard.

Ang. You've bound me to your Service — *Ex. D. Man. and Angellina.*

The SCENE Changes to a Church, the Vespers suppos'd to be just Ended, several walking out : Carlos, and Don Lewis rising near Louisa, and Honoria. Louisa observing Carlos.

Hon. Come, Madam, shall we walk out ? The Croud's pretty well over now.

Lou. But then that Melancholly softness in his look ! (to her self.)

Hon. Cousen ! Donna Louisa !

Lou. Ev'n in his Devotions, too such Graceful Adoration — so sweet a —

Hon. Cousen ! will you go ?

Lou. Pishah ! Time enough — Prithee, let's walk a little this way.

Hon. What's the matter with her ? (They walk, D. Lew. and Carlos.)

Cal.

Car. To what are we reserv'd.

D. Lew. For no good I am afraid—my Ill luck don't use to give over, when her hands in, she's always in haste —one Misfortune Generally comes Galloping in upon the Back of another—Drowning, we have escap'd Miraculously, wou'd the Fear of Hanging were over too : Our being so strangely sav'd from one, smells Damnable Rank of the other : Tho I am obliged to thee *Charles* for what life I have, and I'll thank thee for't if ever I set foot upon my Estate again : Faith I was just gone, if thou hadst not taken me upon thy Back the last Hundred Yards, by this time I had been Food for Herrings, and Mackerel —But it's pretty well as it is : For there is not much difference between Starving and Drowning—all in good time—we are poor enough on Conscience, and I don't know, but two more days fasting might really make us hungry too.

Lou. They are strangers then, and seem in some necessity. (*Aside.*)

Car. These are light wants to me, I find 'em none, when weigh'd with *Angellina's* loss : When I reflect on her Distress, the Hardships, and the Cries of Helpless Bondage, the Insolent, the Deaf desires of Men in Power, O ! I cou'd wish the Fate, that sav'd us from the Oceans Fury, in kinder Pitty of our Loves Distress, had buried us in one Wave Embracing.

Lou. How tenderly he talks ! This were indeed a Lover ! (*Aside.*)

D. Lew. A most Unhappy loss indeed : But come, don't Dispair boy : The Ship that took us was a *Portuguese*, of *Lisbon* too I believe : Who knows but some way, or other we may hear of her yet.

Car. In that Poor hope I live—O thou dread Power ! Stupendous Author of Universal being, and of thy Wondrous Works, that Virgin-Wife the Master-Peice, look down upon her : Let the bright Virtues of her Untainted Mind sue for, and Protect her : O let her Youth, her spotless Innocence, to which all Passages in Heav'n stand open, appear before thy Throne Distress'd, and meet some Miracle to save her.

Lou. Who wou'd not Dye to be so pray'd for ? (*Aside.*)

D. Lew. Faith *Charles*, thou hast pray'd heartily I'll say that for thee so that if any good Fortune will pay us a Visit, we are ready to receive her now, as soon as she Pleases. Come ! Don't be Melancholly.

Car. Have I not cause ? Were not my force of Faith Superior to my Hopeless Reason, I cou'd not bear the Insults of my Fortune : But I have rais'd my self by Elevated Faith, as far above Dispair as Reason lifts me from the Brute.

D. Lew. Why now, wou'd not this make any one weep to hear a Young Man talk so finely, when he is almost famish'd ?

Lou. What were you saying Cousen ?

Hon. I wou'd have said, Madam, but you wou'd not hear me.

Lou. Prithee forgive me, I was in the oddest thought : Let's walk a little, I'll have him Dogg'd ! (*Aside.*) *Jaques ! (Whispers)* what was't you ask'd me Cousen ?

Hon. The Reason of your Aversion to *Don Manucl*, you know he loves you.

Lou. I hate his Love.

Hon. But why Pray ? You know He's Honourable, so is his Family, nor is his Fortune less, I shou'd think the more Desireable, because his Courage, and his Conduct on the Seas have rais'd it, Nay, with all this he's Extreemly Modest too.

Lou. Therefore I might hate him.

Hon. For his Modesty ?

Lou. Is any thing so Sleepy, so Flat, and Insupportable, as a Modest Lover ?

Hon. Wou'd you bear Impudence in a Lover ?

Lou. I don't know, it's more Tollerable in the Man, than the Woman, and there must be Impudence on one side, before they can both come to a Right Understanding.

Hon. Why, what wou'd you have him do ?

Lou. That's a very home Question, Cousen, but if I lik'd him, I cou'd tell you.

Hon. Suppose you did like him !

Lou. Then I wou'd not tell you.

Hon. Why ?

Lou. Cause I shou'd have more Discretion.

Hon. Bleis me ! Sure you wou'd not do any thing, you wou'd be asham'd to tell ?

Lou. That's true : But if one shou'd, you know 'twou'd be silly to tell. No Woman wou'd be fond of shame, sure.

Hon. But there's no avoiding it in a shameful Action.

Lou. Don't be so Positive.

Hon. All your Friends wou'd shun you, Point at you.

Lou. And yet you see there's a World of Friendship, and Good Breeding among all the Women of Quality.

Hon. Suppose there be !

Lou. Why then I suppose, that a great many of 'em are Mightily hurried in the Care of their Reputation.

Hon. So you conclude that a Woman doing an ill thing, does her no harm while her Reputations safe.

Lou. It does not do her so much harm, and of two Evils, I'm always for choosing the least.

Hon. What need you choose either ?

Lou. Because I have a Vast Fortune in my own hands, and Love Dearly to do what I have a mind to.

Hon. Why won't you Marry then ?

Lou. Because then I must only do what my Husband has a mind to : And I hate to be Govern'd, on my Soul I wou'd not Marry to be an English Wife ; not but the Dear Jolting of an Hackney Coach, and an Easy Husband are strange Temptations : But from the cold comfort of a Fine Coach with Springs, and a dull Husband with none, Good Love deliver me : But then the Insolence of ours is Insupportable ; Because the Nasty Law gives 'em a Power over us, which Nature never design'd 'em : For my Part, I had rather be in Love all days of my life than Marry.

Hon.

Hon. That is, you had rather bear a Disease than the Cure.

Lou. Marriage is indeed a Cure for Love: But Love's a Disease I won'd never be Cur'd of: Therefore no more Physick, dear Cousin, no more Husbands — I hate your Bitter Draughts — Not but I am afraid I am a little Feavourish — You'll think me Mad?

Hon. What's the matter.

Lou. Did you observe those Strangers that have walk'd by us?

Hon. Not much, but what of them?

Lou. Did you hear Nothing of their Talk?

Hon. I think I did, one of 'em, the Younger, seem'd concern'd for a Lost Mistress.

Lou. Ay, but so Near, so Tenderly concern'd, his Looks, as well as Words, speaking an Inward Grief that cou'd not flow from the Result of every common Passion: I must know more of him.

Hon. What do you mean?

Lou. — Must speak to him.

Hon. By no means.

Lou. Why you see they are Strangers; I believe in some Necessity, and since they seem not born to beg Relief, to offer it unask'd wou'd add some Merit to the Charity.

Hon. Consider:

Lou. I hate it — Sir — Sir —

D. Lew. Wou'd you speak with me, Madam?

Lou. If you Please, with your Friend — not to Interrupt you, Sir.

Car. Your Pleasure, Lady?

Lou. You seem a stranger, Sir?

Car. A most Unfortunate.

Lou. If I am not deceiv'd, in Want: Pardon my Freedom — if I have err'd, as freely tell me so: If not, as Earnest of your better Fortune, this Trifle sues for your Acceptance.

D. Lew. Take it.

Car. A Bounty so unmerited, and from an hand unknown, fills me with Surprize and Wonder: But give me leave in honesty to warn you, Lady, of a too Heedless Purchase, for if you mean it as the Bribe to any Evil you wou'd have me Practice, be not offended if I dare not take it.

Lou. How affably he Talks, how Chast, how Innocent his Thoughts: he must be won: — (*aside*) — You are too Scrupulous, I have no hard designs upon your Honesty: — Only this — be Wise and Cautious, if you shou'd follow me: I am observ'd, Farewell. *Jaques* — Will you walk Cousin? — (*Whispers Jaques.*) — and bring me word Immediately — I am going home. [Exit Lou. and Hon.]

D. Lew. Lets see, odsheart: follow her Man — why 'tis all Gold:

Car. Dispose it as you Please.

D. Lew. I'll first have a better Title to't — no, 'tis all thine, Boy — I hold an Hundred Pistols, she's some great Fortune in Love with you — I say Follow her — since you have lost one Wife before you had her, I'd have you make sure of another before you lose her. Car.

Car. Fortune indeed has disposess'd her of my Person : But her firm Title to my Heart, nor all the Subtle Arts, or Laws of Love, can shake or Violate.

D. Lew. Prithce follow her now ; methinks I'd fain see thee in bed with some body before I dye.

Car. Be not so poor in Thought, let me intreat you rather to employ 'em, Sir, with mine in search of *Angellina's* Fortune.

D. Lew. Well, dear *Charles*, don't Chide me now. I do Love thee, and I will follow thee. [Exeunt *D. Lew.* and *Car.*

Enter Antonio and Charino. SCENE the Street.

Ant. You hear what the Sailor said, Brother, such a Ship has put in here, and such Persons were taken in it : Therefore my Advice is immediately to get a Warrant from the Governour to search and take 'em up whereever we can find 'em.

Cha. Sir, you must not tell me — I won't be chous'd of my Daughter, I shall expect her, Sir, if not I'll take my Course, I know the Law : (*walks about.*)

Ant. You really have a great deal of Dark Wit, Brother, but if you know any Course better than a Warrant to search for her, in the Name of Wisdom take it, if not here's my Oath, and your's, and — how now, Where's *Clody* — oh : here he comes —

Enter Clodio searching his Pockets.

How now : What's the matter Boy ?

Clo. Ay : its gone, split me.

Ant. What's the matter ? (*louder.*)

Clo. The best Joint in Christendom.

Ant. *Clody* :

Clo. Sir, I have lost my Snuff-box.

Ant. P'shaw : a Trifle, get thee another, Man.

Clo. Sir, 'tis not to be had — besides, I dare not show my Face at *Paris* without it. What do you think her Grace will say to me ?

Cha. Well, upon second Thoughts I am Content to search.

Clo. I have searcht all my Pockets Fifty Times over to no Purpose.

Cha. Pockets.

Clo. It's impossible to fellow it, but in *Paris* — I'll go to *Paris*, split me. (*aside.*)

Cha. To *Paris* : Why you don't suppose my Daughter's there, Sir ?

Clo. I don't know but she may, Sir, but I am sure they make the best Joynts in *Europe* there.

Cha. Joynts : — my Son in Law that shou'd ha' been seems strangely alter'd for the worse. But come let's to the Governour.

Clo. I'll have it cry'd faith, or, if that won't do, odd : I have a lucky Thought, I'll offer Thirty Pistols to the finder, in the *Paris Gazet*, in Pure omplement to the Favours of *Madam la Dutche's de — Mum.* I'll do't Caith.

Ant. Come

Ant. Come along *Clody*.

[*Exit. Ant. and Charino.*]

Clo. Sir, I must look a little, I'll follow you presently: My Poor Pretty Box! Ah Plague o' my Sea-Voyage!

Enter a Servant hastily, with a Flam-beau.

Ser. By your leave, Sir, my Master's coming, Pray Sir clear the way.

Clo. Hay! why thou art Pert, my Love! Prithee who is thy Master Child?

Ser. The Valiant *Don Duart*, Sir, Nephew to the Governour of *Lisbon*.

Clo. Well, Child, and does he Eat every Man he meets?

Ser. No, Sir, but he Challenges every Man that takes the Wall of him, and allways sends me before to clear the way.

Clo. Hah! a Pretty harmless Humour that! Is this he, Child? — You may look as Terrible as you Please, but I must Banter you, flux me. (*aside.*)

Enter Don Duart, stalking up to Clodio.

D. Du. Do you know me, Sir?

Clo. Hey! ho! (*Looks carelessly on him, and Gapes.*)

D. Du. Do you know me, Sir?

Clo. You did not see my Snuff-box, Sir, did you?

D. Du. Sir, in *Lisbon* no Man asks me a Question Cover'd. (*Strikes off Clo. Hat*) Now you know me.

Clo. Perfectly well, Sir, — hi! hi! I like you mightily — you are not a Bully, Sir.

D. Du. You are Sawcy, Friend.

Clo. Ay, its a way I have after I'm affronted — Thou art really the most extraordinary — umh! — that ever I met with! Now Sir you do know me, split me?

D. Du. Know thee! Take that, Peasant! (*Strikes him, and both draw.*)

Clo. I can't upon my Soul, Sir. Allons! now we shall come to a right understanding. (*They fight.*)

Ser. Help! Murder! help!

Clo. Allons! to our better Acquaintance, Sir. A Hah! (*D. Du. falls.*) He has it! Never pusht better in my Life, never in my Life, split me.

Ser. O! my Master's Kill'd! help ho! Murder! help!

Clo. Hay! why Faith Child that's very true as thou say'it, and so the Devil take the Hindmost. [*Exit Clo.*]

Enter Officers.

1st. Offi. How now! Who's that cries Murder?

Ser. O, my Masters Murder'd: Some of you follow me, this way he took! lets after him — help. Murder! help! [*Exit.*]

2d. Offi. 'Tis *Don Duart*.

1st Offi. So, Pride has got a Fall: He has Paid for't now: You have met with your Match faith, Sir. Come lets carry the Body to the good Lady his Sister, *Donna Elvira*: You pursue the Murderer, I'll warrant him some Civil Gentleman: Ye need not make too much haste, for if he does scape it's no great matter — Come along. [*Exeunt with the Body*]

Ente

Enter Carlos, and Don Lewis, follow'd at some distance by Jaques and Brovoes with a Chair.

D. Lew. Come along *Charles*, I'm sure 'tis she by their Description, and if that Brawny Dog, the Captain, has Play'd her no foul Play, she shalln't want Ransom, if all my Estate can Purchase it.

Car. Now Fortune guide us.

[*Exit. D. Lew. and Car.*

Jaqu. That's he, the Taller—— be sure you spare his Person—— only force him into this Chair, and carry him as directed.

1st Bra. What must be done with the Old Fellow?

Jaqu. We must have him too, least he shou'd Dog the other, and be Troublesome. If he won't come quietly bring him any how—— follow softly, we shall snap 'em as they turn the Corner.

A Noise of Follow, &c. Enter Clodio hastily from the other side.

Clo. Ah! Pox of their Noses! the Dogs have smelt me out! What shall I do! If they take me I shall be hang'd, split me! Ha! a door open, faith I'll in at a Venture.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter Bravoës with Carlos in a Chair, some balling in D. Lewis.

D. Lew. O my Poor Boy *Charles*!—— *Charles*!—— help! Murder!

1st Bra. Hold your Peate Fool, if you'd be well us'd!

D. Lew. Sir, I will not hold my Peace! Dogs! Rogues! Villains! help! Murder!

1st Bra. Nay, then by your leave, old Gentleman—— so! bring him along!

D. Lew. Aw! aw! aw! (*They Gag him, and carry him head, and heels.*) [*Ex.*

SCENE, a Chamber, *Elvira*, and her Servants with Lights.

Elv. IS not my Brother come home yet?

Ser. I have not seen him, Madam.

Elv. Go and seek him, go all, and every where—— I'll not to rest till you return, take away your Lights too: For my devotions are all written in my Heart, and I shall Read 'em there without a Taper.

[*Exit Servants.*

Enter Clodio stealing in.

Clo. Ah! poor *Clody*! what will become of thee! Thy Condition, I'm afraid, is but very indifferent—— Follow'd behind! stopt before, and beset on both sides. Ah! Pox o' my Wit! I must be Bantering must I? But let me see! Where am I? an odd sort of an House this—— all the doors open, and no Body in't! No Noise! no Whisper! no Dog stirring!

Elv. Who's that?

Clo. Ha! a Womans Voice!

Elv. Who are you? Who waits there? *Stephano, Julia*!

Clo. Gadso! 'tis the Lady of the House, she can't see my Unfortunate Face however. Faith I'll ev'n make her a grave Speech, tell her my Case, and beg, her Protection.

Elv.

Elv. Speak, What are you?

Clo. Madam, a most Unfortunate Young Gentleman.

Elv. I am sure you are a Man of most ill Manners, to press thus boldly to my Private Chamber: Whither wou'd you? what want you?

Clo. Gracious Madam hear me, I am a Stranger most unfortunate, and my distress has made me rudely press for your Protection; if you refuse it Madam, I am undone for ever by — I say, Madam, I am utterly undone! 'Twas coming Faith! [aside.]

Elv. Alas! his Fear confounds him: What is't pursues you, Sir?

Clo. An outcry of Officers; the Law's at my Heels, Madam, tho' Justice I'm not afraid of.

Elv. How cou'd you offend the one, and not the other?

Clo. Being provok'd, Madam, by the Insolence of my Enemy, in my own defence, I just now left him dead in the Street; I am very young, Madam, and I would, not willingly be hang'd in a strange Country methinks, which I certainly shall be, unless your tender Charity protects me — Gad, I have a rare Tongue, I have a rare Tongue, Faith! [aside.]

Elv. Poor Wretch, I Pity him!

Clo. Madam, your House is now my only Sanctuary, my Altar, therefore I beg you upon my Knees, Madam, take pity of a poor bleeding Victim.

Elv. Are you a *Castilian*?

Clo. No Madam, I was born in — in — in — What de callum — in —

Elv. Nay, I ask you not with purpose to betray you, were you ten thousand times a *Spaniard*, the Nation we *Portuguese* most hate, in such distress I yet would give you my Protection.

Clo. May I depend upon you, Madam; am I safe?

Elv. Safe as my Power, my Word, or Vow can make you: Enter that Door which leads you to a Closet: shou'd the Officers come, as you expect, they owe such Reverence to my Lodgings, they'll search no farther than my leave invites 'em.

Clo. D'ye think, Madam, you can persuade 'em?

Elv. Fear not, I'll warrant you; away!

Clo. The Breath of Gods, and Eloquence of Angels go along with you. [Exit.]

Elv. Alas, who knows but that the Charity I afford this Stranger perhaps my Brother elsewhere may stand in need of: How he trembles! I hear his Breath come short hither; be of comfort Sir, once more I give you my Solemn Promise for your safety.

Enter Servant and Officers, with D. Duart's Body.

Serv. Here, bring in the Body — O Madam, my Master's kill'd.

Elv. What say'st thou?

Serv. Your Brother, Madam, my Master Young *Don Duart*'s dead, he just now quarrell'd with a Gentleman, who unfortunately kill'd him in the Street.

Elv. Ah me!

i. Off. We are inform'd, Madam, that the Murderer was seen to enter this House, which made us press into't to apprehend him.

Elv. Oh!

Serv. Help ho, my Lady faints.

A. Off. Give her Air, she'll recover.

[*Clodio peeps in.*

Cl. Hay! — why, what the Devil, am I safer than I wou'd be now? —
Exactly — I have nick'd the House to an hair — Just so I did at *Paris* too, when
 I took a Lodging at a Bayliffs that had three Writs against me — This Damn'd
 Closet too has ne'er a Chimney to creep out at — ah poor *Clody*! wou'd thou
 wer't fairly in a Storm at Sea again; for I am plaguy 'raid thou wer't not born to
 be drown'd.

[*retire.*

Elv. Stand off; my Sorrows will have way; O my unhappy Brother! such an
 end as this thy haughty mind long since did prophesy! and to encrease my mis-
 ery, thy wretched Sister wilfully must make a breach of what she's vow'd, or thou
 fall unreveng'd: Revenge and Justice both stand knocking at my Heart, but Ho-
 spitable Faith has barr'd their entrance; if I shou'd give 'em way, I am forsworn;
 if not, am impious to a Brother's manory. — Is there no means? no middle Path
 of safety left? must I protect my Brother's murtherer? or break a solemn Vow, on
 which another's Life depends?

Enter Governor, and Servants.

Gov. Where's this unhappy Sight? — alas! he's Gone past all recovery.
 Reproof comes now too late.

Elv. It shall be so; I'll take the lighter Evil of the two, and keep the solemn
 Vow to which just Heav'n was witness: The Wounds of Perjury never can be
 cur'd, but Justice may again o'rtake the murtherer, when no rash Vows protect
 him.

Gov. Take comfort, Niece.

Elv. O forbear; search for the murtherer, and remove the Body, at your dis-
 cretion, Sir, to be interr'd, while I shut out th' offensive day, and here in soli-
 tude indulge my sorrow: Therefore I beg my nearest Friends, and you, my Lord,
 for some few days, to spare your Charitable Visits.

Gov. I grieve for your misfortune, Niece; but since you'll have it so, we take
 our leaves: Farewell — bring forth the body.

[*Exit.*

Cl. Hay! what are they gone away without me? and by her Contrivance
 too, — Gatsio!

Elv. Whoe'er thou art, to whom I've giv'n means of Life, to let thee see with
 what Religion I have kept my Vow; come fearless forth, while Night's thy
 Friend, and pass unknown.

Cl. If this is not Love, the Devil's in't.

[*Aside.*

Elv. Fly with thy utmost speed where I may never see thee more.

Cl. Ay, that's her modesty.

[*Aside.*

Elv. And let that Charitable Faith thou hast found in me, persuade thee to atone
 thy Crime by Penitence.

Cl. Poor Soul, I may find a better way to thank thee for't.

Elv. You are at the Door now, farewell for ever.

Cl. Which is as much as to say, what wou'd I give to see you again — All in
 good time Child —

The End of the Third Act.

ACT

A C T IV.

Enter Don Duart in his Night-Gown, Surgeon, and Servant.

D. Du. MAY I venture yet abroad, Sir?

Sur. With safety, Sir; your Wound was never dangerous: though from your great loss of Blood, you seem'd a while without all signs of Life.

D. Du. Sir, do you know, if the Gentleman that wounded me be in Custody?

Sur. He was never taken, Sir, nor known, that I cou'd hear of.

D. Du. I am sorry for't; for cou'd I find him, which now shall be my earnest care, I wou'd with real Services acknowledge him my best of Friends, in having prov'd so fortunate an Enemy: he has bestow'd on me a second Life, which from a clearer insight of my self, will teach me now to use it better too: How does my Sister seem to bear my Fortune?

Sur. I never knew the loss of any Friend lamented with more real sorrow; she suffers none to visit her, nor is she yet acquainted with your Recovery.

D. Du. I wou'd not have her yet, nor any of my Friends: No moisture sooner dries than Womens Tears, and tho' I am apt to think my Sister honest in her Sorrow, yet knowing her a Woman still, I am resolv'd to make a farther tryal of her Vertue.

Sur. Sir, you may command my Secrecy.

D. Du. I thank you Sir, 'twill oblige me—— Boy.

Ser. Sir.

D. Du. Do you think you know again the Gentleman that fought with me?

Serv. I believe I may, Sir.

D. Du. I'd have you suddenly enquire him out; he seem'd by his Deport of France, or England; if so, you'll probably find him in some Leud House or other.

Serv. Rather at Church Sir, for no body will suspect him there.

D. Du. Seek him every where; come Sir, I wait on you.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*The SCENE changes to Louisa's House: Don Manuel, and Angellina.*]

D. Ma. Now Madam, let my hard Fortune teach you a little to endure your own: You see with what severe neglect she still receives my humble Love; nothing I say, or do, has any weight or motion in her Thoughts for me.

Ang. You are too diffident of your Fortune; I wou'd not have an honest mind despair: She seem'd indeed a little careless of you——you gave her no offence, I'm confident; see here she comes; take heed how you displease her by an

Impatient Stay — Pray go, in the mean time I'll think of you, — indeed I will.

D. M. I am Yours for ever —

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Louisa, and Jaques, Servants waiting.

Lou. Were they both seiz'd?

Jaq. Both, Madam, and will be here immediately; I ran before, to give your Ladyship notice.

Lou. You know my Orders: When they are enter'd, bar all the Doors, and on your Lives, let every one be mute, as I directed you — I must retire a while.
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Bravo's, who let Carlos out of the Chair, while others throw down Don Lewis gagg'd and bound.

Car. So Gentlemen, you find I've not resisted you — but now pray let me know my Crime? why have you brought me hither? where am I? if in Prison, look in my Face, perhaps you have mistaken me for another.

[*Jaques holds up his Lanthorn, nods, and Exit with the rest.*
You seem to know me Sir — All dumb, and vanish'd:
My Fortune's humorous, she sports with me.

D. Lew. Aw! Aw!

Car. What's here! a Fellow-Prisoner! Who are you?

D. Lew. Aw! aw!

Car. Do you speak no other Language?

D. Lew. Aw! aw! aw!

[*Louder.*]

Car. Nay, that's the same.

D. Lew. Auh!

[*Sighing.*]

Car. Poor Wretch! I am afraid he wou'd speak if he cou'd.

[*Re-enter Jaques and Servants, with Lights, who release Don Lewis.*
Sure they think I walk in my sleep, and won't speak for fear of waking me.

D. Lew. Sir, Your most humble Servant, and now my Tongue's at liberty; Pray will you do me the favour to shew me the way home again?

What a Pox, are you all dumb! —

[*Exeunt Mute.*]

Well Sir, and pray what are — *Charles!* ah! my dear Boy! [*Kisses him.*]

Car. My Uncle! nay then, my Fortune has not quite forsaken me! how came you hither, Sir?

D. Lew. Faith, like a Corps into Church, Boy, with my Heels foremost; but prithee how didst thou come?

Car. You saw the Men that seiz'd us, they forc'd me into a Chair, and brought me.

D. Lew. Well, but a Pox plague'em, what is all this for? what wou'd they have?

Car. That we must wait their pleasure to be inform'd of; they have indeed alarm'd my Reason, not my Conscience, that's still at rest, fearless of any Danger.

D. Lew.

The Fop's Fortune.

37

D. Lew. The Sons of Whores won't speak neither; Hey day! what's to be done now?

Enter Jaques, and Servants with a Banquet, Wine, and Light.

Car. More Riddles yet! I dream sure.

[*Jaques complements D. Lewis to take his Chair.*

D. Lew. For me? Sir, Your most Humble Servant: [*sits*] *Charles!* sit down Boy!

Ha! ha! he! a Parcel of silly dumb Dogs! is this all the business?

Puppies! did they think I would not come to Supper, without being brought Neck and Heels to't?

Car. Amazement all! what can it end in?

D. Lew. Never trouble thy Head, prethee: Pox of Questions; fall too man—Delicate Food truly—Here—Dumb! Prithee give's a Glas of Wine to wet the way a little? come *Charles*, here's, here's—Honest Dumb's Health to thee: [*drinks*] Dumb's a very Honest Fellow, Faith.

[*Claps Jaques on the Head.*

Car. What Harmony is this? [*A Flourish*]

D. Lew. Rare Musick indeed! let's eat, and hear it. [*Musick here*]
Mighty fine truly—I have not made an heartier Meal a great while.

[*Here Jaques offers a Night-Gown and Cap to D. Lewis.*

Well, and what's to do now Lad? for me Boy? Ods so! we lie here, do we?—mighty well, that again Faith: [For I was just thinking to go home, but that I had ne'er a Lodging] Nay, I always said Honest Dumb knew how to make his Friends welcome—well, but it's time enough yet, shal'n't we crack a Bottle first? *Charles* is melancholly.

[*Jaques shakes his Head.*

What! that's as much as to say, if I won't go, I shall be carried—Sir, your Humble Servant: [*Puts on the Gown*] well *Charles*, good night, since they won't let me have a mind to stay any longer: I'd give a Pistol tho', to know what this will come to! Dumb come along.

[*Exeunt.*

Car. I'm buried in Amazement—why am I busied thus in Trifles, having so many nearer Thoughts that wound my Peace—Ha, more Musick! I cou'd almost say, 'twere welcome now.

[*A SONG here, which ended, D. Lewis appears above.*]

D. Lew. So! at last I have grop'd out a Window, that will let me into the Secret: Now if any Foul Play shou'd happen, I am pretty near the Street too, and can baul out Murder to the Watch—

But Mum! the Door opens!

Enter Louisa.

Hay! ah! what dull Rogues were we not to suspect this before? —Dumb's a sly Dog; 'tis she, Faith —tum, dum, dum—here will be fine work presently; toll, dum, di, dum—Now I shall see what mettle my Boy's made of; Tum, dum, dum.

Lov. You seem amaz'd, Sir.

Car.

Car. Your Pardon, Lady, if I confess it raises much my wonder, why a Stranger, friendless, and unknown, shou'd meet unmerited such floods of courtesy? for if I mistake not, once this day before, I've tasted of your bounty.

Lov. I have forgot that, but I confess I saw you, Sir.

Car. Why then was I forc'd hither? if you reliev'd me only from a soft compassion of my Fortune, you cou'd not think but such Humanity might on the slightest hint have drawn me to be grateful.

Lov. I own I cou'd not trust you to my Fortune; I knew not but some other might have seen you — beside, methought you spoke less kind to me before.

Car. If my poor Thanks were offer'd in too plain a Dress (as I confess, I'm little practic'd in the Rules of grac'd behaviour,) rather think me ignorant, than rude, and pitty what you cannot pardon.

Lov. Fye! you are too modest — how cou'd you charge your self with such a Thought? I scarce can think 'tis in your Nature to be rude — at least to our Sex.

Car. 'Twere more unpardonable there.

Lov. Nay, now you are too strict on the other side; for there may happen Times, when what the World calls Rudeness, a Woman might be brought to pardon; Seasons when even modesty were Ignorance — Pray be seated Sir, — nay, I'll have it so — I say, sometimes too much Respect [pray be nearer, Sir] were most offensive: Suppose a woman were reduc'd to offer Love, her pains of shame are insupportable; and shou'd she call that Lover rude, who kindly conscious of her wishes, bravely resolves to take, and saves her modesty the guilt of giving? Suppose your self the man so lov'd, where cou'd you find at such a time Excuses for your Modesty?

Car. If I cou'd love again, my Eyes wou'd tell her; if not, I shou'd not easily believe; at least, in Manners, wou'd not seem to understand her.

Lov. Alas! you have too poor a sense of womens love. Think you we have no invention? you wou'd not understand her, how wou'd you avoid it? when ev'n her slightest look wou'd speak too plain for that Excuse; if not, she'd still proceed — Thus gently steal your Hand, and sigh, and press it to her Heart, and then look wishing in your Eyes, till Love himself shot forth, and wak'd you to Compassion.

Car. Amazing! can she be the Creature she describes?

Lov. O they have such subtle ways to steal into a Lover's Heart; nay, if she's resolute, not all your strength of Modesty can guard you; she'd press you still with plainer, stronger Proofs; her Life, her Fortune shou'd be yours: For where a Woman loves, such Gifts as these are Trifles; thus like the lazy minutes wou'd she steal 'em on, which once but past, are quite forgotten. [Gives him Jewels.]

Car. Is't possible! can there be such a Woman?

Lov. Fye! I cou'd chide you now; you wou'd not sure be thought so slow of Apprehension.

Car. I wou'd not willingly be thought so vain, or so uncharitable to suppose there cou'd be such a one.

Lov. Nay, now you force me to forsake my Sex, and tell you plain — I cannot speak it — yet you must know — But tell me, must I needs blush to own a Passion

sion that's so tender of you? I am this Creature so reduc'd for you, and all you've seen supposed was Natural, all but the soft result of growing Love — Why are you still thus fixt, and silent! what is't you fear?

Car. Monstrous!

[*aside and Rising.*]

Lov. What is't you start at?

Car. To see a Building of so Glorious a Proportion, such Harmony of Parts, outwardly Transporting to the View, contain within such base Inhabitants, the Riot of whose loose Desire has foul'd it ev'n offensive to the sense of Virtue Wou'd you deserve my Love?

Lov. More willingly than Life.

Car. Not for your Beauty, tho I confess you Fair to a Perfection, Compleat in all that may Engage the Eye: But when that Beauty Fades, (as Time leaves none unvitired) what Charm shall then secure my Love? Your Riches? no — an honest Mind's above the bribes of Fortune: For tho distressed, a Stranger, and in want, I thus return 'em Thankless: be Modest, and be Viruous, I'll admire you, all Good Men will Adore you, and when your Beauty, and your Fortune are no more, will still deliver down your Name ever'd to Ages: But while you thus enslave your Generous Reason to so Intemperate a Folly, your very Nature seems inverted: Cou'd you but one moment calmly lay it by, you'd find it such a vile Indignity to your Sex as Modesty could never Pardon.

Lov. If I appear too free a Lover, and talk beyond the usual Courage of my Sex, forgive me; I'll be again the fearful, softning Wretch, that you'd have me: my Wishes shall be Dumb, unless my Eyes may speak 'em, or if I dare to touch your Hand it shall be gently trembling and unperceived as Air: nay fix't, and silent, as your shade, I'll watch whole Winter Nights content, and listning to your Slumbers: Is this Intemperance? for pittty speak, for I confess your hard reproofs have struck upon my Heart! O say you will be mine, and make your own Conditions. If you suspect my Temper, bind me by the most Sacred Tye, and let my Love, my Person, and my Fortune Lawfully be yours.

Car. Take heed! Consider yet, if ev'n this Humility be not the Offspring of your first unruly Passion: But since at least it carries something a better Claim to my Concern, I'll be at once Sincere, and tell you 'tis Impossible, that we should ever meet in Love.

Lov. Impossible! O! why!

Car. Because my Love, my Vows, and Faith are 'given to another: Therefore since you find I dare be Honest, be early Wife, and now release me to my Fortune.

Lov. I cannot Part with you!

Car. You must. I cannot with my Reason — Pray let me pass! why do you thus hang upon my Arm, and strain your Eyes, as they had Power to hold me?

Lov. Ungrateful! will you go? take heed! for you have prov'd I am not Mistress of my Temper.

Car. I see it and am sorry: But needed not this Threat to drive me: For still I dare be Just, and Force my self away.

[*Exit Carlos.*]

Lov.

Lov. O Torture! Left! Refus'd! Despis'd! have I thrown off my Pride for this! O! Insupportable! — If I am not Reveng'd, may all the — well,
[*Walks Disorder'd.*

D. Lew. What a Pox, are all these fine things come to nothing then? — Poor Soul! she is in a great heat truly — ah! silly Rogue! — now could I find in my heart to put her into good humour again — I have a great mind faith — odd! she's a hummer! — A strange mind, I han't had such a mind a great while — Hay! — ay! I'll do't faith — if she does but stay now, ah! if she does but stay!
[*As he is getting from the Balcony Louisa is speaking to Jaques*

Lov. Who waits there?

Enter Jaques.

Where's the Stranger?

Jaq. Madam I met him just now walking hastily about the Gallery.

Lov. Are all the doors fast?

Jaq. All barr'd, Madam.

Lov. Put out all the Lights too, and on your lives let no one ask or answer him to any Question: But be you still near to observe him. [*Exit Jaques.*
Ah! [*Don Lewis Drops down.*

D. Lew. Odso! my Back!

Lov. Bless me, who's this? what are you?

D. Lew. Not above Fifty, Madam.

Lov. Whence come you, what's your Business?

D. Lew. Finishing.

Lov. Who shew'd, who brought you hither?

D. Lew. Dumb, honest Dumb.

Lov. Will you be gone Sir, I have no time to fool away.

D. Lew. Yes, but you have; what! don't I know!

Lov. Pray Sir who! what is't you take me for?

D. Lew. A delicate piece of work truly, but not finished; you understand me.

Lov. You are mad, Sir.

D. Lew. I say don't you be modest: for there are times do you see, when ev'n Modesty is Ignorance (pray be seated, Madam — nay I'll have it so:) ah!
[*Sits down, and Mimicks her behaviour to Carlos.*

Lov. Confusion! have I expos'd my self to this Wretch too! had witnesses of my Folly — nay I deserve it. [*Stands Mute.*

D. Lew. So! So! I shall bring her to terms presently — you have a world of pretty Jewels here Madam — ay these now — these are a couple of fine large Stones truly, but where a Woman loves, such Gifts as these, are Trifles.

Lov. Insupportable! within there!

[*Mimicks again.*

Enter Servants and Brauses.

D. Lov. Hay!

[*Rising.*

Serv. Did your Ladiship call, Madam?

D. Lov. I don't like her looks, faith.

[*Aside.*

Lov. Here

The Fop's Fortune.

41

Lon. Here take this Fool, let him be gagg'd, ty'd neck and heels, and lockt into a Garret: away with him.

D. Lew. Dumb! Dumb! help Dumb! stand by me Dumb! A pox of my Finishing, Aw! aw! [*They Gagg him, and Carry him off.*

Lon. The Insolence of this Fool was more provoking than the others Scorn, But I shall yet find ways to measure my Revenge. [*Exit Louisa.*

Re-enter Carlos in the Dark.

Car. What can this evil Woman mean me! the Doors all barr'd! the lights put out! the Servants mute, and she with Fury in her Eyes now shot regardless by me: I wou'd the worst wou'd show it self, Ha! Yonder's a Light, I'll follow it, and Provoke my Fortune. [*Exit.*

The SCENE Changes to another Room:

Angellina with a Light.

Ang. I cannot like this House: For now but going to my Rest, my Ears were larum'd with the Cries of one that call'd for Help: I've seen strange Faces too, that carry Guilt and Terror in their looks; and yet the Officer that plac'd me here appear'd of Honest Thoughts — what can this mean? No matter what, since nothing, than the loss of him I love can worse befall me! — Hark! what Noise! is the door fast? Ah!

[*going to Shut it.*

[*Re-enter Carlos, and Jaques Listening.*

Car. Ha! another Lady! and alone!

Ang. Heaven's how I Tremble!

Car. Sure by her surprise she is not of the other's Counsel — Pardon this Intrusion Lady, I am a Stranger, and Distress'd, be not Dismay'd; I have no ill designs, unless to beg your Charitable Assistance be Offensive.

Ang. Ha! that Voice!

[*amaz'd!*

Car. Save me you Powers! and give me strength to bear this Insupportable Surprize of Rushing Joy.

Ang. My Carlos — oh!

Car. Tis she! my long lost Love, my living *Angellina.*

[*Embraces her.*

Jaques. Say you so, Sir! this shall to my Lady.

[*Exit Jaques.*

Ang. O let me hold you ever thus, least Fate again shou'd part us.

Car. Twas Death indeed to part; but from so hard a separation thus again to meet, is Life restor'd, it draws whole Years to Hours; and we grow Old with Joy in Moments.

Ang. O I were Happy, blest above my Sex, cou'd but my plain simplicity of Love deserve these kind Endearments.

Car. Is't Possible! thou Miracle of Goodness, that thou canst thus forget the Misery, the Want, the Ruin my Unhappy Love has brought thee to? Trust me, that stormy thought has clouded ev'n the very Joy I had to see thee.

G

Enter

Love makes a Man: Or,

Enter Jaques and Lovisa at a distance.

Jaques. There they are ; from hence your Ladiship may hear 'em.

Lou. Leave me.

[Exit Jaques, and Lou. listens.]

Ang. I cannot bear to see you thus : for my sake don't despond : For while you seem in hope, I shall easily be cheerful.

Car. O thou Engaging Softness ! thy Courage has reviv'd me ; No , we'll not despair ; the Guardian Power that hitherto has sav'd us, may now with less expence of Providence, protect, and fix us happy.

Lou. Ha ! so near acquainted ! —

[behind.]

Car. And yet our safety bids us part this moment ; How came you hither ?

Ang. The Officer that made me Captive, prov'd a worthy man, and plac'd me here as a Companion to the Lady of this Dwelling.

Car. Ha ! to what end ?

Ang. He said, to be the Advocate of his Successless Love ; for he confess he wooed her honourably.

Car. Is't possible ? is there a Wretch so curs'd among mankind to be her Honourable Lover ?

Lou. So.

[In Anger.]

Car. Take heed, my Love, avoid her as a Disease to Modesty.

Lou. Very well.

Car. O I have such a shameful Tale to tell thee of her intemperance, as wou'd subject her even to thy loathing.

Lou. Insolent ! — well:

Ang. You amaze me, pray what was it ?

Car. This is no time to tell, I had forgot my Danger: Let it suffice, the Doors are barr'd against me ; now, this moment I am a Prisoner to her Fury ; if thou canst help me to any means of Safety, or Escape, ask me no Questions, but be quick, and tell me.

Ang. Now you frighten me ; but here through my Apartment leads a Passage to the Garden, at the lower end you'll find a Mount ; if you dare drop from thence, I'll show you : But can't you say when I may hope again to see you ?

Car. About an Hour hence be walking in the Garden, ready for your escape ; for if I live, I'll come provided with the means to make it sure: — Now I dare thank thee, Fortune.

Ang. You will not fail.

Car. If I survive, depend on me ; till when may Heav'n support thy Innocence.

Ang. Follow me.

[Exeunt hastily.]

Lou. Are you so nimble, Sir ? Who waits there ?

[Enter Jaques.]

Run, take help, and stop the Stranger, he is now making his escape through the Garden ; fly.

[Exit Jaques.]

Love and Revenge like Vipers gnaw upon my Quiet, and I must change their Food, or leave my Being ; though I cou'd bear ev'n the low Contempt he has thrown on me, cou'd it but woe him to the least return of Love : but I wou'd bear again ten thousand Racks, rather than confess this Dotage : No, if I forego a second time that dear support, my Pride, may I become as miserable as that wretch, that

that destin'd Fool he doats on. Ha! she is return'd! Yonder she passes; with what assur'd contentment in her Looks! — How pleas'd the Thing is — strangely impudent — sure! the ugly Creature thinks I won't strangle her. Now have you brought him? [Enter Jaques.]

Jaq. Madam, we made what hast we cou'd, but the Gentleman reach'd the Mount before us, and escap'd over the Garden Wall.

Lou. Escap'd, Villain! darest thou tell me so?

Jaq. If Your Ladiship had call'd a little sooner, we had taken him. Who the Devil is this Stranger? [aside.]

Lou. Fool that I am, I betray my self to my own Servants — well, 'tis no matter, bid the Bravos stay, I have Directions for 'em; Go. [Exit Jaques.] He has not left me hopeless yet; an Hour hence he has promis'd to be here again, and if he keeps his word (as I've an Odious Cause to fear he will) he yet at least in my Revenge shall prove me Woman. [Exit Lou.]

S C E N E *The Street.*

Enter D. Duart disguis'd, with a Servant.

D Du. Where did you find him?

Ser. Hard by, Sir, at an House of Civil Recreation; he's now coming forth; that's he.

Enter Clodio.

D. Du. I scarce remember him, I wou'd not willingly mistake — I'll observe him.

Clo. So! Now if I can but pick up an Honest Fellow to crack one Healing Bottle, I think I shall finish the Day as smartly as the *Grand Seigneur* — hold, let me see — what has my hasty Refreshment cost me here — umh — umh — umh [counts his Money] Seven Pistoles by *Jupiter*: why, what a plaguy Income this Jade must have in a Week, if she's paid thus by the Hour.

D. Du. 'Tis the same; leave me. [Exit Servant.] Your Servant, Sir.

Clo. --Sir — Your Humble Servant.

D. Du. Pardon a Stranger's freedom, Sir; but when you know my business —

Clo. Sir, if you'll take a Bottle, I shall be proud of your Acquaintance; and if I don't do your business before we part, I'll knock under the Table.

D. Du. Sir, I shall be glad to drink with you, but at present am incapable of sitting to't.

Clo. Why then, Sir, you shall only drink as long as you can stand, we'll have a Bottle here, Sir — Hey, *Madona* — [calls at the Door.]

D. Du. A very Frank humour'd Gentleman, I'll know him farther — I presume, Sir, you are not of *Portugal*?

Clo. No, Sir — I am a kind of a — what decallum — a sort of a Here-and — therian; I am a Stranger no where.

D Du. Have you travell'd far, Sir?

Clo. My Tour of *Europe*, or so Sir — Dangled about a little; I came this Summer from the Jubilee.

D. Du. Did you make any stay there, Sir?

G 2

Clo.

Clo. No, Sir, I only call'd in there, at the Salvation-Office ; just bought an Annuity of Indulgences for life ; got an Insurance for my Soul ; lay with a Nun, Flux'd ; and so came home again. [Enter Servant with Wine.]

So ! so ! here's the Wine ! Come ! Sir, to our better Acquaintance —
Faith I like you mightily — Allons ! shoques Baifes donc ! [Kisses, Drinks.]
Parbleu ! cest du Bon Vin ! Allons encore hey ! Vive L'amour ! [Quand Iris, &c. Sings.]

D. Du. I find, Sir, you have taken a Taste of all the Countries you have Travell'd ; but, I presume, your chief Amusement has lain among the Ladies : You far'd well in *France*, I hope.

Clo. Yes faith, as far as my Pocket wou'd go : But the Devil a stroke without it : No Money, no Mademoiselle : No Ducate, no Dutcheffs ; no Pistole, no Princess — By the way, let me tell you, Sir, your *Lisbonites* are held up at a pretty smart rate too — I was forc'd to come down to the Tune of seven Pistoles here — A man may keep a Pad of his own, cheaper than he can ride Post, split me : But, a Pox on 'em, it's no Wonder the Jades are so sawcy in a Country, where there are so many Swarms of unmarried Fryars, Monks, and Brawny Jesuits : The Game may well be scarce, faith, where there are so many Canonical Poachers : Now, Sir, in *England*, where your Gowns and Cassocks are honestly married, the right Women are as cheap as Mackerel — Gad, Sir, I have taken you a Fasting Velvet Scarf out of the Side-box there, and the Jade has jump'd at a Beef-stake and a Bottle ; nay, sometimes at Coach-hire, and a single Glass of Cinamon — Seven Pistoles ! Unconscionable ! Oddheart, in *London* now for half the Sum a Man might have pickt up the three first Rows of the Middle-Gallery.

D. Du. I find, Sir, you know *England* then !

Clo. Ay, Sir, and every Woman there, that's worth knowing, from honest *Betty Sands* to the Countess of *Ogletown* : Yes, Sir, I do know *London* pretty well, and the Side-box, Sir, and behind the Scenes, ay, and the Green Room too, and all the Girls, and Women-Actresses there, Sir — Sir I was a whole Winter there the particular Favourite of the Giggling Party — Come, Sir, if you please, here's Miss *Riggle*'s health to you.

D. Du. Pray, Sir, how came you so well acquainted there ?

Clo. Why, Sir, I first introduc'd my self with a single Pinch of Bergamot ; the next night I presented 'em a Box-full ; next day came to Rehearsal ; in a Week I desir'd 'em to use my Name whenever they pleas'd for what the Chocolate-house afforded — upon this I was chosen Valentine, if I don't mistake, to about Eleven of 'em ; and in three days more I think it cost me fifty Guineas in Gloves, Knots, Heads, Fans, Muffs, Coffee, Tea, Snuff-boxes, Orangerie, and Chocolate.

D. Du. But, pray Sir, were you as Intimate at both Play-houses ?

Clo. No, stretch 'em ! at the New House they are so us'd to be Queens and Princesses, and are so often in their Heirs-Royal, forsooth, that I ged ! there's no reaching one of their Copper-tails there, without a long Pole, or a Settlement ; split me.

D. Du. But I wonder, Sir, that in a Country so fam'd for Handsom Women, the Men are so generally blam'd for their scandalous Usage of 'em.

Clo. O Damn'd Scandalous, Sir — they use their Mistresses as bad as their Wives, Faith: I tell you what, Sir, I knew a Citizens Daughter there, that ran away with a Lord, who in the first six months of her preferment never stir'd out but she made the Ladies cry at her Equipage; and about eight months after, I think, one morning reeling pretty early into a certain house in the *Savoy*, I found the self-same, cast-off, solitary Lady, in a Room with bare Walls, Dressing her dear, pretty Head there, in the Corner-bit of a Looking-glass, prudently supported by a Quartern-Brandy-Pot upon the Head of an Oyster-barrel.

D. Du. I find few Mistresses make their Fortune there: but pray, Sir, among all your Adventures, has no particular Ladies Merit encourag'd you to advance your own by Marriage.

Clo. Sir, I have been so near Marriage, that my Wedding day has been come, but it never was over yet; split me.

D. Du. How so, Sir.

Clo. Why the Priest, the Bride, and the Dinner were all ready dress'd, faith; but before I cou'd fall to, my Elder Brother, Sir, comes me in with a Damn'd long stride and a sharp Stomach — said a short Grace, and — whipp'd her up like an Oyster.

D. Du. You had Ill fortune, Sir.

Clo. Sir, Fortune is not much in my Debt: for you must know, Sir, tho' I lost my Wife, I have scap'd hanging since here in *Lisbon*.

D. Du. That I know you have: be not amaz'd, Sir.

Clo. Hay! what the Devil have I been all this while treating an Officer, that has a Warrant against me — Pray Sir, if it be no Offence — may I beg the Favour to know who you are.

D. Du. Let it suffice I own my self your Friend — I am your Debtor, Sir. You fought a Gentleman they call'd *Don Duart* — I knew him well; he was a proud insulting Fellow, and my mortal Foe; but you kill'd him, and I thank you; nay, I saw you do it fairly too: and for the action, I desire you will command my Sword, or Fortune.

Clo. Pray Sir — is there no Joke in all this?

D. Du. There, Sir; the little All I'm master of, may serve at present to convince you of my sincerity: I ask for no return, but to be inform'd how I may do you farther Service.

[Gives him a Purse.]

Clo. Sir, your Health — I'll give you Information presently. [Drinks.] Pray Sir, do you know the Gentleman's Sister that I fought with? That is, do you know what Reputation, what Fortune she has?

D. Du. Sir, I know her Fortune to be worth above Twelve thousand Pistoles, her Reputation yet un sullied; But pray Sir why may you ask this?

Clo. Now I'll tell you, Sir — Twelve thousand Pistoles, you say!

D. Du. I speak the least, Sir.

Clo. Why this very Lady, after I had kill'd her Brother, gave me the Protection of her House, hid me in her Closet, while the Officers that brought in the Dead Body came to search for me; and, as soon as their backs were turn'd, poor Soul! hurried me out at a Private door with Tears in her Eyes, Faith. Now, Sir, what think you? is not this kint broad enough for a man to make Love upon.

D. Du.

D. Du. Confusion!

Clo. Look you, Sir, now if you dare; give me a Proof of your Friendship: will you do me the Favour to carry me a Letter to her?

D. Du. Let me consider, Sir — Death, and Fire! is all her height of Sorrow but Dissembled then? — A Prostitute ev'n to the man suppos'd my Murderer! If it be true, the Consequence is soon resolv'd — but this requires my farther search — may I depend on this for truth, Sir?

Clo. Why, Sir, you don't suppose I'd banter a Lady of her Quality.

D. Du. Damnation! — Well, Sir! I'll take your Letter: but first let me be well acquainted with my Errand.

Clo. Sir, I'll write this Moment; if you please, we'll step into the House here, and finish the Business over another Bottle.

D. Du. With all my heart!

Clo. Allons! Entres.

[*Ex.*]

A C T V.

*Elvira is Discovered alone in Mourning, a Lamp by her :
Don Duart enters behind ; Disguised.*

D. Du. **T**HUS far I have pass'd unknown to any of the Servants — now for the Proof of what I fear — ha! yonder she is — This close retirement, those sable Colours, the solemn Silence that attends her, no Friends admitted, not ev'n the Day to visit her: These seem to speak a real sorrow; if not, the Counterfeit is Deep indeed — I'll fathom it — Madam —

Elv. Who's there! another Murderer! where are my Servants? will nothing but my sorrows wait upon me?

D. Du. Your Pardon, Lady; I have no Evil meaning: This Letter will inform you of my, Business, and excuse this Rude Intrusion.

Elv. For me! whence comes it, Sir?

D. Du. The Contents, Madam, will Explain to you — She seems amaz'd! looks almost through the Letter — I shou'd suspect this Stranger had bely'd her, but that he gave me such Convincing Circumstances — ha! she pauses! 'sDeath! a smile too! — I fear her now!

Elo. My Prayers are heard: Justice at length has overta'en the Murderer: His vow'd Protection having been strictly paid, I now unperjur'd may revenge my Brother's blood. It lies on me if I neglect this fair Occasion: But 'twere not safe to show my Thought; therefore to be Just, I must Dissemble.

[*Aside.*]

I ask your Pardon for my Rudeness, Sir: upon your Friend's account you might indeed have claimed a better Welcome.

D. Du.

D. Du. So! then she is Damn'd, I find (*aside.*) But I'll have more, and bring em face to face. My Friend, Madam, thought his Visits wou'd be unseasonable, before the sad Solemnity of your Brother's Funeral.

Elv. A needless Fear! My Brother, Sir! Alas, I owe your Friend my Thanks for having eas'd our Family of so scandalous a Burthen! A Riotous Unmanner'd fellow; I blush to speak of him.

D. Du. O patience! patience!

[*Aside.*]

Elv. Pray let him know his Absence was the real Cause of this mistaken Mourning: 'Tis true indeed, I give it out 'tis for my Brother's Death: But Women's Hearts and Tongues, you know, must not always hold alliance: you'd think us fond and forward, shou'd not we now and then Dissemble.

D. Du. How shall I forbear her?

Elv. I grow Impatient till he's wholly mine—to Morrow; 'tis an Age; I'll make him mine to night—I'll write to him this minute—can you have Patience, Sir, till I prepare a Letter for you?

D. Du. You may Command me, Madam.

Elv. I'll dispatch immediately—will you walk this way, Sir?

D. Du. Madam, I wait upon you—Revenge! and Daggers! [*Exeunt.*]

The SCENE *Louisa's House:*

Louisa, and Jaques.

Lou. Is the Lady seiz'd?

Ja. Yes, Madam, and half Dead with the Fright.

Lou. Let 'em be ready to produce her, as I directed: When the Stranger's taken, bring me immediate Notice: 'tis near his Time, away. [*Ex. Ja.*]
Had he not lov'd another, Methinks I cou'd have born his usage, fate down alone, content, and found a secret pleasure in Complaining: But to be slighted for a Girl, a sickly, poor unthinking Wretch, Incapable of Love: That! that stabs home! 'Tis Poison to my Thoughts, and swells 'em to Revenge! my Rival! no! she shall never Triumph! Hark! what noise! they have him sure! how now!

[*Enter Jaques.*]

Jaq. Madam, the Gentleman is taken.

Lou. Bring him in—Revenge I thank thee now!

Enter Bravo's with Carlos disarm'd.

So, Sir! you are return'd, it seems; you can love then! You have an heart, I find, tho' not for me! Perhaps you came to seek a worthier Mistress here: 'Twou'd be uncharitable to disappoint your Love—I'll help your search; if she be here, be sure she's safe!—open that door there.

Enter more Bravo's with Angelina, an Hankercher on her Neck, which they hold ready to strangle her.

Now, Sir, is this the Lady?

Car. My Angellina! O!

Ang.

Ang. O miserable Meeting!

Lou. Now let me see you smile, and Rudely throw me from your Arms: Now scorn my Love, my Person, and my Fortune; Now let your squeamish Virtue fly me as a Disease to modesty, and tell her Now your shameful Tale of my Intemperance.

Car. O Cruelty of Fate! that cou'd betray such Innocence!

Lou. What, not a word to soften yet thy obstinate Aversion! thou wretched Fool, thus to provoke thy ruine — End her. [To the Bravo's.]

Car. O hold! for pity hold, and hear me.

Lou. I've learn'd from you to use my Pity — Death! I cou'd laugh to see thy strange stupidity of Love — On one Condition yet she lives an hour; but if refus'd —

Car. Name not a Refusal, be it, or Danger, Death, or Tortures, any thing that Life can do to save her.

Lou. Nay, if you are so over willing.

Car. Speak, and I obey you.

Lou. Now then, this Moment kneel, and Curse her.

Car. Preserve her, Heav'n, and snatch her from the Jaws of Gaping Danger (*kneeling*) O may the Watchful Eye of Providence, that never sleeps o're Innocence Distress'd, look nearly to her; or if some Miracle alone can save her, the ever-waking Sun in his Eternal Progress never saw so fair an Object to employ it on.

Lou. Presuming Fool! were I inclin'd to spare her life (which by my Hopes of Peace I do not mean) can'st thou believe this Insolent concern for her to my Face wou'd not provoke my Vengeance!

Car. Yet hold! Forgive my Rashness, I was to blame indeed: But Passion has transported both of us: Love made me as Heedless of her Safety, as wild Revenge has you ev'n of your neglected Soul.

Lou. What, dost thou think to preach me from my Purpose?

Car. That were too vain an Hope; tho' I've a piteous Cause, that might bespeak, without a Tongue, the Mercy of a Human heart: but if Revenge alone can sate your Fury, at least misplace it not; Mine was th' Offence, be mine the Punishment, but spare the Innocent, that Gentle Maid; she ne'er intended: Yet a Thought against your Peace, I have deserv'd your Anger, nay, and Justly too: For, I confess, I ought to have given you a milder Treatment: But, to atone the Crime, rip up my Breast, and in my Heart you'll read th' unhappy Cause of my Neglect and Rudeness.

Lou. How he disarms my Anger! But, must my Rival Triumph then?

Ang. Charge me not with such abhorr'd Ingratitude; be Witness, Heav'n, I'll for ever serve you, Court you, and Confess you my Preserver!

Car. For Pity yet resolve, and force your Temper to a Moment's Pause: Do not Debase your Generous Revenge with Cruelty; That every Common Wretch can take, the savage Brutes can suck their Fellow-Creatures Blood, and tear their Bodies down: But Greater Human Souls have more of Pride to curb, and bow the stubborn Mind of what they hate; and such Revenge, the Nobler far, I offer now to you: See at your feet my humbled Scorn imploring, crush'd, and prostrate, like a vile Slave, that falls below your last Contempt, and Trembling begs for Mercy.

Lou.

Lou. He buries my Revenge in Blushes.

Ang. O Generous Proof of the most Faithful Love!

Car. Think what a Glorious Triumph it wou'd be, that when your Swell'n
 Resentment, wild Revenge and Indignation, all stood ready, waiting for the
 Word, you call'd your Forcefull Reason to your Aid resolv'd, and took that
 Tyrant Passion Captive to your Gentle Pity: O! 'twere such a God-like
 Instance of your Virtue, as might atone, if possible, ev'n Crimes to come:
 Revenge, like this, can never give you that Continued Peace of Mind which
 Mercy may; Compassion has a thousand secret Charms: Think you 'twere
 no Delight of Thought to heal the Wounds of Bleeding Lovers, to make two
 poor afflicted Wretches happy, whose highest Crime is loving well, and faith-
 fully? Were it no soothing Joy, no secret Pride, to raise 'em from the last De-
 spair, to Hope? to Life and Love restor'd? Now on my Heart I read a strug-
 gling Pity in your Eye! O cherish it, and spare our Innocence! Perhaps
 the Story of our Chast Affections, once compleat, may live a fair Example to
 succeeding Times; for which Posterity shall stand indebted to your Vir-
 tue.

Lou. Release the Lady — Go.

[*Exeunt Bravo's.*]

And now farewell my Follies, and my Mistaken Love: For, I confess, the
 fair Example of your Mutual Faith, your Tendernefs, Humility and Tears
 have quite subdued my Soul, at once have Conquer'd and Reform'd me:
 O! you have given me such an Image of the Contentful Peace, th' unshaken
 Quiet of an honest Mind, that now I tast more solid Joy, being but the In-
 strument of your United Virtuous Love, than all my late false Hopes propos'd,
 ev'n in the last Indulgence of my Blind desire: Now Love long, and happily;
 Forgive my Follies past, and you have over-paid me.

[*Joins their Hands.*]

Car. O Providential Care of Innocence Distress'd!

Ang. O Miracle of Rewarded Love!

Car. What shall I say? I scarce have yet the Power of Thought amidst
 this Hurry of Transporting Joy! My *Angellina*! do I then live to hold thee
 thus? O! I have a Thousand things to say, to ask, to weep, and hear of
 thee — But first let's kneel, and pay our Thanks to Heav'n, and this our kind
 Preserver; to whose most happy Change we owe ev'n all our Life's to come
 in Cheerful Gratitude can pay.

Lou. Nay, now you give me a Confusion [*Raises 'em.*] But if you yet dare
 trust me with the Story of your Love's Distress: far as my Fortune can, com-
 mand it freely, to supply your Present wants, or any Future means propos'd
 to give you lasting Happiness.

Car. Eternal Rounds of never-ending Peace reward your Wond'rous Boun-
 ty: and when you know the Story of our Fortune, as we shall soon find due
 Occasion to relate it; we cannot doubt 'twill both deserve your Pity and
 Assistance — But I have been too busy in my Joy, almost had forgot my
 Friendly Uncle, the Ancient Gentleman that first came hither with me:
 How have you dispos'd him?

Lou. I think he's here, and safe — who waits there? [*Enter Jaques.*
 Release the Gentleman above, and tell him that his Friends desire him.

[*Exit. Jaques.*]

You'll

You'll Pardon, Sir, the Treatment I have shown him; he made a little to merry with my Folly, which I confess at that time something too far incens'd me.

Car. He's Old and Cheerful, apt to be free; but he'll be sorry where his humour gives Offence.

Enter Don Lewis; Jaques bowing to him.

D. Lew. Prithee, Honest Dumb! don't be so Ceremonious! A Pox on thee, I tell thee it's very well as it is (only my Jaws ake a little :) But as long as we're all Friends, it's no great Matter — My Dear *Charles*! I must buss thee, faith! — Madam, your humble Servant — I beg your Pardon, do ye see — you understand me.

Ex. Jaques.

Lou. I hope we are friends, Sir.

D. Lew. I hope we are, Madam — I am an Honest Old Fellow, faith; tho' now and then I am a little Odd too.

Car. Here's a Stranger, Uncle.

D. Lew. What, my little Blossom! my Gilliflower! my Rose! my Pink! my Tulip! Faith I must smell thee [*salutes Ang.*] Od! she's a Delicate Nose-gay! I must have her touz'd a little — *Charles*! you must gather to night; I can stay no longer — Well, faith! I am heartily Joy'd to see thee, Child.

Ang. I thank you, Sir, and wish I may deserve your Love: Our Fortune once again is kind; but how it comes about —

D. Lew. Does not signify Three-pence; when Fortune pays me a Visit, I seldom trouble my self to know which way she came — I tell you I am glad to see you.

Enter Jaques.

Ja. Madam, here's the Lord Governor come to wait upon your Ladiship.

Lou. At this late hour! What can his Business be; desire his Lordship to walk in.

Enter Governor.

Gov. Pardon, Madam, this Unseasonable Visit.

Lou. Your Lordship does me Honour.

Gov. At least, I hope, my Business will Excuse it: some Strangers here below, upon their Offer'd Oaths, demanded my Authority to search your house for a lost young Lady; to whom the one of 'em affirms himself the Father: But the Respect I owe your Ladiship, made me refuse their search till I had spoken with you.

Ang. It must be they — Now, Madam, your Protection, or we yet are lost.

Lou. Be not concern'd! wou'd you avoid 'em?

Car. No: we must be found, let 'em have Entrance; we have an honest Cause, and wou'd provoke its Tryal.

Lou. Conduct the Gentlemen without.

[*Exit. Jaques.*]

My Lord, I'll answer for their Honesty; and as they are Strangers, where the Law's severe, must beg you'd favour and assist 'em.

Gov. You may Command me, Madam; tho' there's no great fear: for having heard the most that they cou'd urge against 'em, I found in their Complaints more of Spleen and Humour, than any Just Appearance of a Real Injury.

Enter

The Fop's Fortune.

51

Enter D. Manuel, Charingo, Antonio, and Clodio.

Cha. I'll have Justice.

Ant. Don't be too hot, Brother.

Cha. Sir, I demand Justice.

D. Ma. That's the Lady, Sir, I told you of.

Cl. Ah! that's she, my Lord, I am witness.

Car. My Father! Sir, your Pardon, and your Blessing.

Ant. Why truly, *Charles*, I begin to be a little reconcil'd to the Matter: I wish you, tho' I can't join you together: for my Friend and Brother here is very Obstinate, and will admit of no Satisfaction: But however, Heaven bless you, in spite of his Teeth.

Cha. This is all Contrivance! Roguery! I am abus'd! I say, deliver my Daughter—she is an Heiress, Sir; and to detain her is a Rape in Law, Sir; and a Rape and Law, Sir, are Death and the Devil, and I'll have you all Hang'd: Therefore no more Delays, Sir: For I tell you before hand, I am a Wise man, and 'tis impossible to trick me.

Ant. I say you are too Positive, Brother; and when you learn more Wisdom, you'll have some.

Cha. I say, Brother, this is meer Malice, when you know in your own Conscience I have ten times your Understanding: For you see I'm quite of another Opinion. And so once more, my Lord, I demand Justice against that Ravisher.

Gov. Does your Daughter, Sir, complain of any Violence?

Cha. Your Lordship knows young Girls never Complain when the Violence is over; he has taught her better, I suppose.

Ang. (*To Cha. kneeling.*) Sir, you are my Father, bred me, cherish'd me, gave me my affections, taught me to keep 'em hitherto within the Bounds of Honour, and of Virtue; let me conjure you (by the chaste Love my Mother bore you, when she prefer'd, to her Mistaken Parents Choice, her being yours without a Dower) not to bestow my Person, where those Affections ne're can follow—I cannot love that Gentleman more than a Sister ought: But here my heart's subdued ev'n to the last Compliance with my Fortune: He, Sir, has nobly wooed, and won me; and I am only his, or miserable.

Cha. Get up again.

Gov. Come, Sir, be persuaded: Your Daughter has made an Honourable and Happy Choice: This severity will but expose your self and her.

Cha. My Lord, I don't want advice, I'll consider with my self, and resolve upon my own Opinion.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. My Lord, here's a stranger without, enquires for your Lordship, and for a Gentleman that calls himself *Clodio*.

Cl. Hay! Ah mon Chere Amy!

[*Enter Don Duart disguis'd.*

Well, what News, my Dear, has she answer'd my Letter?

D. Du. There, Sir—This to your Lordship. [*Gives him a Letter, and whispers.*

Gov. Married to Night! and to this Gentleman, sayst thou? I'm amaz'd.

D. Du. He is her Choice, my Lord.

Clo. (*Reading the Letter.*) — Um—um— Charms—Irresistible— excuse—
so soon— Passion— Blushes— Consent— Provision— Children— Settle-
ment— Marriage — If this is not Plain, the Devil's in't—hold, here's more,
faith— [Reads to himself.]

D. Ma. How shall I requite this Goodness? [To Louisa.]

Lou. I owe you more than I have leisure now to Pay: Press me not too
far, lest I shou'd offer more than you are willing to receive: Favours,
when long withheld, sometimes grow Tasteless; over-fasting often Palls the
Appetite.

D. Ma. The Appetite of Love, like mine, can never Dye; it wou'd be
ever Tasting and Unsated. [They seem to talk apart.]

Gov. 'Tis very sudden— but give my Service, I'll wait upon her.

Clo. Ha! ha! ha! Poor Soul! I'll be with her presently: and, faith, since
I have made my own Fortune, I'll ev'n patch up my Brother's too. Hark
you, my Dear Dad that shou'd ha' been— This Business is all at an End—
for look you, I find your Daughter's engag'd; and, to tell you truth, so am
I, faith! If my Brother has a mind to marry her—let him; for I shall not,
split me— And now, Gentlemen and Ladies, if you will do me the Honour
to grace mine, and the Lady *Elvira's* Wedding, such homely Entertainment
as my poor House affords, you shall be all heartily Welcome to.

D. Lew. Thy house! ha! ha! Well said, Puppy!

Clo. Hah! Old Testy!

Cha. What doest thou mean, man? [To Clo.]

Gov. 'Tis ev'n so, I can assure you, Sir: I have my self an Invitation from
the Lady's own hand, that confirms it: I know her Fortune well, and am
surpriz'd at it.

Ang. Blest news? This seems a forward step to reconcile us all.

Cha. If this be true, my Lord, I have been thinking to no Purpose: my
design's all broke to pieces.

Ant. Come, Brother, we'll mend it as well as we can; and since that young
Rogue has rudely turn'd tail upon your Daughter, I'll fill up the Blank with
Charles's Name, and let the rest of the Settlement stand as it was.

Cha. Hold, I'll first see this Wedding, and then give you my Final Reso-
lution.

Clo. Come, Ladies, if you please, my Friend will show you.

Lou. Sir, we wait upon you.

Cha. This Wedding's an odd thing!

D. Lew. Ha! ha! If it shou'd be a Lye now! [Exeunt.]

The SCENE Changes to Elvira's Apartment.

Elvira alone with Clodio's Letter in her hand.

Elv. At how severe a Price do Women purchase an Unspotted Fame?
When ev'n the Justest Title can't assure Possession: When we Reflect upon
the Insolent and Daily wrongs, which Men, and Scandal, throw upon
our Actions, 'twere enough to make a modest Mind despair: If we

are fair, and chaste, we are proud; if free, we are wanton; cold, we are cunning; and if kind, forsaken: Nothing we do, or think on, be the motive ne'er so just, or generous, but still the malice, or the guilt of men interprets to our shame: Why thou'd this Stranger else, this wretched Stranger, whose forfeit Life I rashly fav'd, presume from that mistaken Charity to tempt me with encourag'd Love?

Hark! what Mulick's that? [a Flourish]

[Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the Gentlemen are come.

Elv. 'Tis well; Are the Officers ready?

Ser. Yes, Madam, and know your Ladship's Orders.

Elv. Conduct the Company. Now Justice shall uncloud my Fame, and see my Brother's Death reveng'd.

Enter Hautboys playing, Clodio singing: D. Duart, Gov. D. Man. Lou.
Car. Ang. Ant. Charino, and D. Lewis.

Clo. Well, Madam, you see I'm punctual——you've nick'd your Man, Faith, I'm always critical——to a minute, you'll never stay for me. Ladies, and Gentlemen, I desire you'll do me the Honour of being better acquainted here——my Lord——

Gov. Give you Joy, Madam.

Clo. Nay, Madam, I have brought you some near Relations of my own too——This *Don Antonio*, who will shortly have the Honour to call you Daughter.

Ant. The Young Rogue has made a pretty choice, Faith.

Clo. This *Don Charino*, who was very near having the Honour of calling me Son. This my Elder Brother——and this my Noble Uncle, *Don Cholerick*——Snap-shoot de Testy.

D. Lem. Puppy.

Clo. Peevish.

D. Lem. Madam, I wish you Joy with all my heart; but truly I can't much advise you to marry this Gentleman, because in a day or two you'd really find him extremely shocking: those that know him, generally give him the Title of *Don Dismal*, *Thickskullo de Halfwit*.

Clo. Well said Nunkle. ha, ha.

D. Da. Are you provided of a Priest, Sir?

Clo. Ay, ay, Pox on him, wou'd he were come tho'.

D. Du. So wou'd I, I want the Cue to act this Justice on my Honour. Yet I cannot read the Folly in her Looks.

[Aside.

Gov. You have surpriz'd us, Madam, by this sudden Marriage.

Elv. I may yet surprize you more, my Lord.

D. Du. Sir, Don't you think your Bride looks melancholly?

Clo. Ay poor Fool! she's modest——but I have a cure for that——well, my Princess; why that demure Look now?

Elv. I was thinking Sir——

Clo. I know what you think of——You don't think at all——You don't know what to think——You neither see, hear, feel, smell, nor taste; you han't the right use of one of your Senses——in short, you have it.

Now my Princess, have not I nickt it?

Elv.

Elv. I am sorry, Sir, you know so little of your self, or me.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, The Priest is come.

Elv. Let him wait, we've no occasion yet——within there——seize him...
[Several Officers rush in, who seize Clodio, and bind him.]

D. Du. Ha!

Gov. What can this mean?

Clo. Gats me! What is my Dear in her Frolicks already?

Elv. And now, My Lord, your Justice on that Murtherer.

Gov. How, Madam.

Clo. That Bitch, my Fortune!

D. Lew. Madam, upon my Knees, I beg you, don't carry the Jest too far, but if there be any real hopes of his having an Halter, let's know it in three words, that I may be sure at once for ever, that no earthly thing but a Reprieve can save him.
[Apart to *Elv.*]

Ant. Pray, Madam, who accuses him?

Elv. His own Confession, Sir.

Cha. Of Murther, say you, Madam!

Elv. The Murther of my Brother.

Gov. Where was this Confession made?

Elv. After the Fact was done, my Lord, this Man pursued by Justice, took shelter here, and trembling, begg'd of me for my protection; he seem'd indeed a Stranger, and his Complaints so pitiful, that I, little suspicious of my Brother's Death, promis'd by a rash and solemn Vow, I wou'd conceal him: Which Vow Heav'n can witness with what distraction in my Thoughts I strictly kept, and paid; but he, alas! mistaking this my Hospitable Charity for the Effects of a most Vile Preposterous Love, proceeds upon his Error, and in this Letter here addresses me for Marriage; which, I once having paid my Vow, answer'd in such prevailing terms, upon his Folly, as now have, unprotected, drawn him into the Hands of Justice.

D. Du. She is innocent, and well has disappointed my Revenge. [Aside.]

D. Lew. So, now I am a little easy——the Puppy will be hang'd.

Gov. Give me leave, Madam, to ask you yet some farther Questions.

Clo. Ay——I shall be hang'd, I believe.

Cha. Nay then, 'tis time to take care of my Daughter; for I am now convinc'd that my Friend *Clody* is dispos'd of——and so, without Compliment, do you see Children——Heav'n blefs you together. [Joins *Car.* and *Ang.* Hands.]

Car. This, Sir, is a time unfit to thank you as we ought.

Ant. Well Brother, I thank you however; *Charles* is an Honest Lad, and will deserve her; but poor *Clody's* Ill Fortune I cou'd never have suspected.

D. Lew. Why you wou'd be positive, tho' you know, Brother, I always told you, *Dismal* wou'd be hang'd——I must plague him a little, because the Dog has been pert with me——*Clody!* How do'st thou do? Ha! why you are tied!

Clo. I hate this Old Fellow, Split me.

D. Lew. Thou hast really made a Damn'd Blunder here, Child, to invite so many People to a Marriage Knot, and instead of that it's like to be one under the left Ear.

Clo. I'd fain have him Dye.

D. Lew. Well my dear I'll provide for thy going off however: let me see! you'll only have occasion for a Nosegay, a pair of White Gloves, and a Coffin: look you, take you no care about the Surgeons, you shall not be Anatomiz'd — I'll get the Body off with a wet Finger, --- Tho methinks I'd fain see the Inside of the Puppy too.

Clo. O Rot him, I can't bear this.

D. Lew. Well I won't trouble thee no more now Child, if I am not engag'd I don't know but I may come to the Tree, and Sing a Stave or two with thee — Nay I'll rise on purpose — tho you will hardly Suffer before Twelve a Clock neither — ay just about Twelve — about Twelve you'll be Turn'd off.

Clo. O Curse consume him.

Gov. I am Convinc'd, Madam, the Fact appears too plain.

D. Lew. Yes, yes he'll suffer. [aside.

Gov. What says the Gentleman, do you confess the Fact, Sir?

Clo. Will it do me any Good, my Lord?

Gov. Perhaps it may, If you can prove it was not done in Malice.

Clo. Why then to confess the Truth my Lord, I did Pink him, and I am sorry for't; but it was none of my Fault, Split me.

Elv. Now my Lord, your Justice.

D. Du. Hold, Madam, that remains in me to give: For know, your Brother Lives, and Happy in the Proof of such a Sister's Virtue. [D discovers himself.

Elv. My Brother! O let my Wonder speak my Joy!

Clo. Hay! [Clodio, and his Friends, seem Surpriz'd.

Gov. Don Duart! Living and Well! how came this strange Recovery?

D. Du. My Body's Health the Surgeon has restor'd: but here's the true Physician of my Mind: The hot distemper'd Blood, which lately render'd me offensive to Mankind, his Just resenting Sword let forth, which gave me leisure to Reflect upon my Follies past, and by Reflection to Reform.

Elv. This is indeed an Happy Change.

Gov. Release the Gentleman.

Clo. Here Testy, prithee do so much as untie this a little.

D. Lew. Why so I will Sirrah, I had thou had done a Mettled thing, and I don't know whether it's worth my while to be Shock'd at thee any longer.

Elv. I ask your Pardon for the Wrong I have done you Sir, and Blath to think how much I owe you for a Brother thus Restor'd.

Clo. Madam, your very humble Servant, it's mighty well as it is.

D. Du. We are indeed his Debtors both; and Sister there's but one way now of being Grateful: For my sake give him such returns of Love, as he may yet think fit to Ask, or you with Modesty can Answer.

Clo. Sir I thank you, and when you don't think it Impudence in me to wish my self well with your Sister, I shall beg leave to make use of your Friendship

D. Du. This

Clo.

D. Du. This Modesty Commends you, Sir.

Ant. Sir, you have Propos'd like a Man of Honour; and if the Lady can but like of it, she shall find those among us, that will make him up a Fortune to deserve her.

Car. I wish my Brother well, and as I once offer'd him to divide my Birth-right, I'm ready still to put my Words into Performance.

D. Lew. Nay then, since I find the Rogue's no longer like to be an Enemy to *Charles*, as far as a few Acres go, I'll be his Friend too.

D. Du. Sister.

Elv. This is no Trifle, Brother; allow me a convenient time to Think, and if the Gentleman continues to deserve your Friendship, he shall not much complain I am his Enemy.

D. Lew. So! now it will be a Wedding again, Faith.

D. Ma. And if this kind Example cou'd prevail on you.

Lou. If it cou'd not, your Merit has sufficient Power: From this Moment I am Yours for ever.

D. Ma. Which way shall I be Grateful?

Clo. Nay then, strike up again Boys — and with the Ladies leave, I'll make bold to lead em up a Dance *ala Mode D' Angleterre*. [They Dance.]

D. Lew. So! so! Bravely done of all sides; and now *Charles*, we'll even Tost our Noses over a Chirping Bottle, and Laugh at our past Fortune.

Car. Come my *Angellina*;

Our Bark at length has found a Quiet Harbour,
And the Distressful Voyage of our Loves
Ends not alone in Safety but Reward:
Now we Unlade our Freight of Happiness,
Of which from thee alone my Share's Deriv'd:
For all my Former search in deep Philosophy,
Not knowing Thee, was a meer Dream of Life:
But Love in one soft Moment Taught me more
Than all the Volumes of the Learn'd cou'd reach,
Gave me the Proof when Natures Birth began,
To what Great End th' Eternal Form'd a Man.

FINIS.